

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

At the meeting of the Ontario Teachers' Association held in the Normal School this week, the chairman of the Public School Department read a paper in which he advocated the use of newspapers in schools as a means of education. This is not entirely a new idea, as the scheme has been tried, and in fact is still being used in some of the higher institutions of the United States. There is no doubt that our school system deals too much with abstractions and does not go as straight to the point as it should. A course in history begins with the creation of the world, comes up through the twelve tribes and Nebuchadnezzar, and the Medes and Persians, and Greece and Rome, and the Goths and Vandals, and Danes, Saxons, and Normans, and has to do with dynasties and involves the learning of the names of kings and a familiarity with genealogical trees, and yet there is little which informs the mind of the pupil with regard to the great struggle for liberty which has been the motive power in modern times as conquest was the central idea amongst the ancients. Children are taught dates and made to learn about battles, though why they were fought or the inner history of those who led the legions is necessarily left out because there is not time to attend to the ambitions either of a monarch or a people in the rapid chase through six thousand years.

If newspapers were used in the schools the practice would have one well defined merit: around what happens to-day could be clustered by the intelligent teacher the hundreds of similar events which, no matter how widely separated they are by time, are alike in meaning. If children learn—I do not know that it is possible to teach them—the impulses which have made men fight for the mastery and women die for love of country, religion or progeny, they would start on their quest for information with a keener desire for knowledge and with far greater interest in affairs than they do now when history is simply a bald record of cruel tyrants, bloody battles and bills passed in parliament. I had not the pleasure of hearing the paper which has furnished the text for this article, but I can imagine that a practical teacher must appreciate the necessity of having to-day, with its passions and people, made the center point around which must be grouped the contests of the past and the hopes for the future. The great trouble about education and the methods employed, is to give the whole thing a meaning. I believe that ninety per cent. of the children learn the multiplication table without knowing why they should be forced to tax their little brains over any such thing; when they study geography, or at least when I studied geography it seemed absurd that I should have to become acquainted with the conformation and capitals of strange lands. I never could, and I never did, learn algebra simply because if I could reckon out the thing itself I did not know why I should employ unknown quantities and abstractions. I think with the majority of children the circumstances are similar. Young and old alike desire in this rapid century to know what it is all about.

If an intelligent teacher took one of this week's papers and read an account of Bismarck's birthday and the enthusiasm excited in Germany over the event, he could proceed to describe the federation of the German states and how little duchies and kingdoms were brought into the Fatherland; he could tell how old Kaiser Wilhelm was declared Emperor of Germany at Versailles, and of the triumphal return of the troops. Naturally connected with that would be the Franco-German war, the war with Austria, the Triple Alliance; the German descent of Queen Victoria; the marriage of her daughter Victoria to the people's Fritz, and how unpopular she was with the German people because she was too English; the young Kaiser and his schemes for re-organizing the empire; the military laws of Germany; the struggles of the Socialists; the size of the army; the present attempt to establish a great navy; the similarity of the origin of the German and English people and the many similarities in language—the thousand other things which would as naturally hitch themselves on to the topic of the day, as being hungry would suggest dinner.

The paragraph about Italy would suggest the Pope, the rise and fall of his temporal power; Signor Crispi, Garibaldi, Bruno, Savonarola, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Cavour, Mazzini, the Carbonari, Victor Emmanuel, and the struggle for political freedom and the unification of Italy. With such examples and the thousand bright stars in the constellation of Italy's greatness the teacher could drift back to ancient Rome, and with connecting ideas in their minds children could more readily grasp the meaning of Roman history, of the splendid dynasties which rose and fell beside the "yellow Tiber;" of the senators, consuls, tribunes and emperors who were at one time masters of the world. A boy when he began to read Caesar would attach a new meaning to the opening paragraph, "All Gaul is divided into three parts," for he would know something about that country as it is now. And the Helvetians would not be to him a mere name, and Orgetorix when he got up to deliver one of those long harangues of his would not be an impossible person living in a remote period. Without going any further into illustrations of the benefit of using the news of to-day as the text upon which to found a study of yesterday, it must be apparent to everybody that, properly applied, the Brantford gentle-

man's theory would be of immense benefit to the scholars of our public schools. If we can succeed in interesting children in something larger than marbles and dolls, we have taken the first important step towards engaging their minds in the pursuit of knowledge in an orderly and reasonable way.

While foreign news would serve its purpose it would be rather dangerous to take local paragraphs as texts. The writers of history are seldom successful when they deal with the affairs of their own country in their own time. Yet if newspaper accounts of current events were to be discussed in the public schools I imagine it would have a salutary effect upon the writers of these things. Men who are quite willing to pervert truth in order to obtain a personal revenge or partisan advantage if they understood that their words were to be canvassed and the facts investigated by thousands of children, would hesitate to be known as the falsifiers which they are now proud to be, inasmuch as if the falsification is done for a party it merely proves their

century in which we live. The father thinks he has nothing to do but to make money enough to keep his family off the street or to find a place for them in society. Our public school teachers are expected to do too much. In Canada more than in any other part of the world I imagine they are doing it reasonably well, yet the danger must not be overlooked of expecting them to do it all as far as the education of youth is concerned. For instance, of the thousands of teachers in Ontario how many speak good English? Do not the majority pronounce their "a's" as hard as if "a" were a bullet? When a child says "Canada" how seldom is he told that it is "Canada" with a softer sound? Instead of saying "I can" he says "I kin," and instead of "I can't" he says "I kant." In this way we are spoiling the music of our language and the harsh pronunciation of Canadians is marking them the world over. Then what is the deportment of the average teacher? Is it that of the cultivated gentleman or lady, or is it that of the partially educated person with whom good breeding is a secondary consideration? Are

gaged most of her time, does she not drop her music? Of course she would be foolish to practice on the piano while the stockings remain undarned or the dinner is burning on the stove, yet it is not these exigencies but the whole tendency of our lives which seems to force men and women to drop the beautiful in order to engage in the useful. There is time enough for both. Thousands of dollars are spent by the prosperous without avail because father or mother, or both insist upon being rude and regardless while engaging masters and governesses to teach their children how to act.

This proxy business is an enormous and a growing evil. Fathers and mothers are toiling away at money-making and housekeeping while employing others to do those things which they should attend to themselves. They are too often despised by the children who become cultured because of natural taste and good teaching rather than by reason of their surroundings, while on the other hand they are imitated too often by those who are moulded

to do that is being most neglected, and I should be delighted if some greater educational authority than myself would raise his voice in denunciation of this damnable proxy system which is day after day making the boys and girls of this country the factory product of public and Sunday schools. What is to become of the individuality of the parents, of the race, if we are to entrust every educational department of life to somebody else?

And right in line with this is the fact that the father who reads his newspaper at home after dinner should talk to his children about what is happening, to keep them posted on men and the motives which govern them, on women and the ruin which overtakes them if they cease to be what they should be. Bless us all, is the first side of the past vanishing before what someone has called the "hole in the floor?" Are we doing everything mechanically, co-operatively, cheaply, and forgetting the duties that are supremely individual and absolutely necessary?

It may be said that all parents cannot be educated, yet all parents have some education. Never was a man or woman so rough and rude that he or she had not attractive qualities of some sort. If they only teach this they are doing something to prevent the output of our schools from being a factory-made article. It is not the child who is just the same as everybody else who succeeds in the highest degree; it is the child who is himself, or herself, who bears the impress and has the halo of a loving care and of a widening influence in some direction, of a parent. In this new country perhaps we have done the best that we could. Illiteracy is rare and nice culture is equally rare, but we must try to rise superior to it, and the question that I am pressing is, are we taking the proper means to do so? I have seen college and university professors in this city who have not as cultured manners as an attentive waiter in a restaurant. We must try to be attractive. It is not simply a question of obtaining a pretty veneer, but no matter how good the inside of us may be we must not be repulsive on the outside; we must know how to act, how to talk, and we must have something to say. The age of rudeness in speech and conduct is past. Genius can always be appreciated, no matter if the man possessing it is unattractive; but there is very little genius, and the idea of our schools and our homes I imagine should be that the commonplace person should be made as good and genuine and as attractive as possible, and the hope of accomplishing this must be based on home training more than on school teachers.

In Saturday's *Globe* appeared two letters which the readers, I imagine, were supposed to believe were fac-similes of two of President Cleveland's early efforts at composition. I am not anxious to blame the *Globe* for publishing them; they are no doubt a part of the output of a syndicate, but of all clumsy attempts at deceiving the people I never saw a worse. The handwriting was that of a man who had learned to combine his letters after long grind. The utilization of the strokes of the pen was such as no boy ever learned even at nineteen, to say nothing of nine. I dislike these clumsy forgeries, because children reading them imagine that a man must be extremely precocious in order to obtain greatness. The opposite is true; the precocious child seldom gets anything. Cleveland was an exceedingly commonplace man until he by chance drifted into public life; he had not a particle of precocity, nor were his early ambitions or tendencies such as would lead people to believe that he would ever achieve prominence. If anything were lacking to prove these documents bogus, it is the fact that the composition of no boy of nine years old has ever been preserved in America for forty years. The *Globe* is an ably edited paper and could well afford to leave this sort of thing out; its influence is not good, inasmuch as it erects a false standard by which both parents and children are apt to judge themselves.

How often we notice in the papers, and in our own lives, the death of old people who have but recently lost their life's companion. It seems to me one of the most beautifully pathetic things in the history of our selfish and apparently loveless race, when an old man's wife dies and a little while afterwards you read the funeral notice of the old man himself; or the aged husband dies, and in a few days, or weeks, or months, chronicled perhaps in the same column of the same paper, you see the announcement that his widow has gone to join him. I have an instance in mind when the wife of an old man passed away and the world seemed suddenly dark to the one who was left. The companions of his childhood and manhood had all passed over the river, and when the one link which bound him to the earth was put in the coffin the world became valueless. His children and his children's children had companions and pursuits in which he was not interested and with which he was not familiar. He sat by his fireside alone, and as his days grew into weeks his desolation became appalling. Then it was that he knew that the world was worthless, the prolongation of his years valueless. He wrapped the mantle of his age about him and lay down and died. Who would pray for old age, knew they of its sorrows, of the separations which like a pall enshroud the survivors of a home life that is no more? How like ghosts the sha-

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THE CLEVELAND FAMILY.

loyalty to their leader. If newspapers were to be taken into the schools I imagine some of the dirty advertisements would be left out, that a higher class of English would be used in writing, a nobler impulse given to the thought which is supposed to pervade public journals. Altogether the scheme has great possibilities in it and the gentleman from Brantford is deserving of the thanks of the community for having suggested a scheme not only of educating the children, but of educating the editors.

Does it ever strike the parents that they have any duties in these educational matters? I have often written against religious instruction in the public schools, inasmuch as it is the rock upon which the whole public school system strikes. Yet religious education is advocated by parents, priests and preachers, who are unceasingly clamoring that this work—which should be a part of the parental and clerical task—should be undertaken by public school teachers. This notion is a part of the lazy tendency of the age to do everything by proxy. Even Sunday schools are an attempt to attend to the religious education of children which should be attended to at home, and should be chiefly useful in developing the minds of, and affording instruction to, the wretched and unfortunate ones who are without pious parents. This proxy business seems to me one of the evils of the

not teachers and parents forgetful that such beautiful masters as Dr. Holmes has said that "a sweet low voice is a beautiful thing in woman," and that a gently modulated tone and a polite exterior are of vast advantage to either the boy or girl in seeking promotion in life? In cities perhaps it is not so, but in country places are our teachers always good models for youngsters to imitate? I have seen country schoolmasters who never blackened their boots from one year to the other, and were unfortunately so poorly paid that they could not hire others to give them a shine. Are the schoolmasters as careful in the taste they show in their own attire as they should be? Are they models for the little girls? Do schoolmasters sufficiently approach the standard of gentlemen in their conduct and conversation? In a new country we cannot expect too much, yet it is in this new country more than anywhere else that we are leaving the task of cultivating our children to others. Do parents try to educate themselves so as to have an educational influence upon their progeny? Can a child learn French whose little attempts at conversation are laughed at at home? Can the young man or the young woman make much advancement in German if there is nobody to encourage them, nobody to talk with them? Is not music made a frill rather than a study? When a girl gets married and has household duties which en-

by family and school life, and thus in every way this evil is dominant. It must always be important, yet it should not matter so much what our schoolmasters are like! The future generations should be moulded by the fathers and mothers. More attention should be paid to what the parents do and say. Of course this cannot be controlled even by the Ontario Government, which has lost no opportunity of seizing upon the entire system; it must be attended to by the parents themselves.

Take table habits for instance. No schoolmaster or schoolmistress can attend to them. Boys and girls are permitted to eat in the most outrageous fashion by their parents. Greed, wastefulness, a dozen different vices may be checked at the table, though those who make their dinner table the occasion when unkind things are spoken are making a great mistake, yet those who permit their family to gather around them and eat like little pigs are making an equally great mistake. Yet the majority of people will, if they are good-natured, gather their family around them and permit them to gorge themselves as if they were hogs at a trough. They think if they send their children to a good school on week days and Sunday, if they hire music teachers and dancing masters they have done their duty; the balance of it can go to Ballyhack. It is what is left for the parents

THE VAGARIES OF LOVE.

Written for Saturday Night by Allan Douglas Brodie.

The season had opened and we had all taken a house on the Island for the summer. It was a pretty place, facing the blue waters of Lake Ontario, and an exceedingly jolly party which congregated on the piazza the first night of our arrival.

There were young Mrs. Mabel Swinton, pretty Elsie Warriner, Mrs. Varley, quaint and ancient as ever—in costume, if not in years—Dion Courtney, myself, and last, but by no means least, Mrs. Varley's nephew, Herbert Avis, the life and soul of the whole party.

We had been sitting gazing pensively out on the moonlit waters of the lake, the superb beauties of the night causing us to drop into a dreamy reverie, forgetful of the hour, the place, ourselves, everything save that we were comfortable and at peace with each other and the world generally.

Suddenly the charm was broken: "Do you know, Herbert, it's a great wonder to me that you are not married."

It was Elsie who spoke, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that her somewhat irrelevant remark caused us a shock that resulted in a perfect shout of boisterous laughter.

Herbert Avis did not appear at all discomfited, however, but met the remark with his usual sangfroid. He was quite prepared with an answer to that, and any other equally personal observation.

"My dear Miss Elsie, I do not wonder that you wonder. It is a question that has oftentimes caused my eyes to fairly bulge with wonder. It bears me how it comes about that an individual, whose universal popularity and god-like attributes—"

"Oh! Oh!" from his listeners. "—of head and heart, coupled with anti-bachelor tactics, inclinations, proclivities, and a keenness groveling at the feet (be they to ronto or Pukapollis) of woman, lovely woman—it beats me, I say, how such an one is still on the sunny side of the wall."

"The sunny side? Be careful, sir!" said Mabel Swinton, as she made a lunge at him with her fan.

"I am and was careful," replied Herbert. "If it had not been for my overcarefulness I should at this blessed minute be, possibly, wallowing up to the neck in connubial bliss."

"Now, Herbert," said Mabel, laughing, "you know you are prevaricating."

"My dear Mabel, prevaricating is an awful word to use towards a young and defenceless unmarried man," retorted Herbert, unabashed. "Telling 'tarradiddles' would sound not nearly so awe-inspiring, or make one feel so like a hardened criminal. Do not, I beg of you, spoil that pretty mouth of yours by attempting to swallow Webster on a bridge, as a precocious young relative of mine persists in calling that wonderful man, a portion of whose vast capacity for un-English words must have been concealed somewhere in his boots. But whyfore am I prevari—vari—varicating, my sweet one?"

"Oh, Herbert, you rude thing! Well, I'll tell you. You know perfectly well, Herbert, that the reason you are not married is because your mission in life would terminate with your bachelor days."

"Thanks, awfully; and what is the mission? I yearn to know."

"Why, to amuse your feminine friends, of course. You know their name is legion, you naughty boy. If you were married and we ventured to laugh at some of your silly remarks, we would probably have our eyes scratched out by your indignant spouse, and that wouldn't improve either our eyes or your remarks."

"True—very true. Out of the mouths of babes and young married women cometh unsavory truths and sage observations. But do you know, Mabel, I was very nearly 'kitched' once."

"Were you, really; and we never heard of it. I think, Elsie, we should insist on having full particulars of this awful boy's experience with the love god."

"Most assuredly," replied Elsie. "Begin at once, sir, instantly."

"Well, to begin with," said Herbert, "with the exception of Dion Courtney over there, and you yourself, Mabel, the rest of our mutual friends here present are probably unaware of the fact that until two years ago I had an extremely pretty cousin living in an entrancingly pretty place in Ireland."

"Why, is she dead, Herbert?" asked Elsie gently.

"Dead!" groaned Herbert. "I should say not. She is very much alive, and more bewitchingly beautiful than ever. She's now where I ought to be—I mean I should be where the other fellow is."

"Oh, she's married then?" said Mabel.

"No, she wasn't married then, but she is now, worse luck," replied Mr. Avis, with a look of most abject misery.

"Why," cried Mabel, "you surely do not mean Lena Clare—Mrs. Fenwick?"

"The same," quoth Herbert; "and I fancy Dion remembers her too."

"Remember Lena Clare!" said Dion with enthusiasm. "Who could ever forget the fair-haired, mischievous little sprite, whom Herbert and I fairly worshipped as youngsters? But I never knew before that your boyhood admiration for pretty little Lena followed you when you left Ireland, Herbert."

"Nor I," quoth Mrs. Varley from her easy-chair in the corner, where we thought she was peacefully sleeping.

"Well, aunt dear, if any portion of this relation should prove new to you, please put it down to a filial wish, on my part, to avoid harrowing your feelings with such incomprehensible foolishness."

"Do tell us all about it, Herbert. I'm simply dying with curiosity," said Elsie with interest.

"Well," began Herbert, "Lena Clare and I were brought up together, you might say, for we lived within a stone's throw of each other and were generally inseparable. In every amusement or piece of mischief that one might be into the other was not far behind; we were regular conspirators. Then the time came when Dion and I went to Eton, and for a period Lena Clare was almost forgot-

ten in the whirl of a great English public school; save when the holidays brought us together again and revived the old friendship. Then I left Ireland and went away to sizzle on Uncle George Varley's tea plantation in Ceylon, where I was once more brought into contact with old Dion, whose regiment had been ordered there a few months previously.

"Then my uncle—dear old boy—died, the estate was disposed of, and my aunt and I sailed home to 'merrie England' once more. While absent in Ceylon, Lena and I kept up a rather desultory correspondence—at least she did, for I faithfully and religiously wrote about three times a week, so that when that blessed Cingalese mail bag eventually reached home it contained about a dozen epistles from me to Le."

"What wretched English you are using, Herbert," said his aunt with surprise. "Mere poetic license, dear aunt; I couldn't help it. Yes," he continued, "about thirteen letters from one person, at one time, becomes slightly monotonous, to say the least of it, and if Lena began to get a little bit weary of both me and my gushing effusions, who can blame her—not I, for one. The only wonder to me is that she retained her reason under the shock of such a dose of quintessence of ultra-poetical idiosyncrasy. By the time Mrs. Varley and I had embarked for home, Lena's letters had become rather few and far between, whilst mine had dropped down to one a week—a change, by the way, which only necessitated her reading about three at one time. I was dying for love of my pretty cousin—or thought I was, which amounts to about the same thing, the result being equally fatal in either case—and imagined that ocean voyage to be more lengthy than the one Columbus took when he discovered Chicago."

"The very day after we reached England, I sped over to the Emerald Isle on the wings of the wind, or more properly speaking, on the slowest-going old tub of a packet boat in the three kingdoms. Lena was glad to see me, of course. That was perfectly natural, after an absence of three years. She would have been glad to see her grandmother under such circumstances. The unexpected change in my appearance, also—a change for the better, I flattered myself—appeared to bring back all her childhood's interest in me."

"We spent several glorious days together, and really imagined we were head over ears in love with one another. One afternoon we were wandering, hand in hand, beside the river. Lena was caroling like a lark. It was The Brook she was singing, and I listened with rapt attention and delight, my soul being charged with several hundredweight of mixed and assorted sentiment."

And men may come
And men may go,
But I go on for ever—ever—

sang Lena, when, catching sight of my face, she stopped abruptly and exclaimed:

"What are you laughing at, Herbert?"

"I'll swear I wasn't laughing. 'Twas merely the workings of my impassioned soul, as reflected in a somewhat frank and open countenance. Did I hear you smile, Mabel?"

"Smile! you would make a giraffe smile, you foolish boy; but go on."

"Your simile is apt, my dear, and speaking of giraffes puts me in mind that when I was in Naples last summer I happened to drop into a zoological resort one day—a place which the Neapolitans designate by the name of 'garden.' They had a sorry-looking giraffe in there which the keeper informed me in broken English was afflicted with bronchitis. I observed, in equally smashed-up Italian, that it must indeed be painful to be afflicted with two yards of sore throat."

"Oh, Herbert, please go on," said Elsie, laughing.

"Very well, my dear, I will—let's see, where did I leave off—oh, yes, cousin Lena accused me of laughing at her. Well, the very look of injured dignity she gave me caused me to laugh in reality."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Do you really mean that, Lena?"

"Mean what?" replied my pretty cousin, with an enquiring glance from under a large sun-bonnet and a pair of dark eyelashes that fringed two wonderful 'big boo eyes.'

"What you have just been singing—by the way—in a most adorable voice. You never told me you could sing, Lena," I said reproachfully.

"For a very good reason, for I cannot—at least, with an effort to be perfectly just to herself, 'I sing when I am by myself, or,' as she noticed my wicked smile, 'with someone I know well, and who will overlook all faults, like cousin Herbert, for instance.'"

"I am glad you added that last sentence," I said, "and would be charmed to overlook any faults, allowing that there are such, which I deny; but, Lena, you have not answered my question yet."

"Oh, Herbert, you base flatterer, and pray explain yourself—I don't understand."

"With pleasure," said I. "When you quoted those pretty lines of Tennyson's just now, were you referring to yourself, or this muddied stream?"

"Lena stopped short in her walk, and withdrawing her hand from mine, clasped her own together, and regarded me with a puzzled expression, and then my interpretation of the words came to her with a rush. A rippling smile passed over her beautiful face like summer sunshine, then her lips parted in a merry laugh."

"Indeed, I did not mean myself, so there!" she said somewhat defiantly. "I hate old maids and always associate them with black cats and teapots. I don't know why. I suppose it is because Aunt Nora used to tell you and me stories, when we were children, which generally consisted of an old maid, or a black cat, or a teapot, or all three together."

"What a delightful trio," I said, laughing, and then, becoming grave again, "I am glad you were not referring to yourself, Lena, as it would be a horrible thing for you to become an old maid."

"When I looked at the pretty, fair-haired girl beside me, I felt bound to confess that there

was perhaps one chance in a thousand of her ever remaining Miss Lena Clare long, and that if I did not win her someone else most assuredly would. It was three whole years since we had parted. She was then a mere child of a girl—Lena had, only that morning, reminded me that I had called her so in the old days, and had laughingly commanded me to go down on my knees in the graveled walk and humbly beg her pardon, which I had as laughingly obeyed, and would have added something more, had not a ragged little urchin come around the corner of the house to ask Miss Lena for 'a few prayties for granny,' and then, while Lena ran off to get the 'prayties,' the urchin regarded me with a wicked leer from behind a flowering shrub, and varied the leer with an occasional horrible grimace, as if to stifle a laugh, whereas I so far forgot myself as to exclaim: 'Get out of that you little devil!' And the little devil did get out, and showed his heels and a pouting grimace, as he bestowed himself to the servants' quarters."

"When, therefore, I looked down at the bright face and matchless form (Oh, I was very much in love, I assure you), both face and form so much altered since I had left home, and thought of the adage, 'Make hay while the sun shines,' I proceeded then and there to make hay—or rather, attempted to—while the sun, Old Sol, whose breath hath warmed to life a thousand thoughts that, in his absence, had remained unspoken, just then coming from behind a cloud shone for all he was worth. Miss Lena was somewhat startled a moment later to hear my voice, charged as it was with condensed tragedy, and possessed of certain ventriloquial qualities which made it appear to emanate from the region of my boots exclaim, 'Lena, I love you.' The smile died out of her face, and I thought she was going to scream; but restraining the impulse, she cast down her eyes, patting the ground with one tiny foot the while, and looked, I believe, even more lovely than before."

"I repeat—I love you, Lena—dearly—madly—passionately. I loved you in careless fashion when we were boy and girl together. I loved you when thousands of miles of waste water—I mean watery waste, were between us, and the distractions of a foreign land and strange faces prompted me to forget you. The moon shone with leaden light because you were not there—the sun—the sun—the sun—Lena! I love you still—the Lena of the present is a hundredfold dearer to me than the Lena of the past, and I would have told my love before, but—"

"Dinny Burke prevented you," suggested Lena with a sly upward glance, and a violent effort not to laugh, as she recalled certain reminiscences which Dinny had conveyed to her that morning."

"Yes, he did," I savagely admitted, "and at some future time I intend to speak seriously to you as to the advisability of allowing dirty, unwashed peasants on the premises—but, to the point, what have you got to say?"

"About what, the peasants?"

"No. Damn the peasants!—I beg your pardon; but really, my darling, you do so rile a fellow. It is about yourself. Do you—can you love me in return?"

"Herbert," she answered rather seriously, "there is only one answer I can make to you. It is: Wait—wait until I am more sure of myself, and until you see more of me—you may change your mind, you know, and she shook her head at me with conviction, whereupon I replied with many choice and appropriate epithets of contempt for people who change their mind; that mine was not built that way."

"Never!" I said. "Lena, my love for you is too deep—too sincere to admit of any change, and if you will only consent to be mine—"

"Your what?"

"My wh—! What! Good heavens! My wife, of course. If you—will make me so happy. At least tell me if my love is returned, and I again possessed myself of one little ungloved hand, and waited—and waited."

"I'm afraid it is, Herbert," she answered at length.

"What is it?"

"Your love. I am afraid it is returned, for I really wouldn't know what to do with it, Herbert."

"I would have then and there torn my hair out in handfuls, but had discovered by means of practical private rehearsals that nothing short of a wig can be removed suddenly in that melodramatic fashion. I contented myself with looking down into the innocent face, so full of questioning solicitude, and wondered if Lena was making a fool of me. No! It were sacrilege to harbor such a thought for a moment. My look softened as again I asked her to be mine."

"Her answer was simply an assurance that she was not particularly fond of anyone else—at least she thought not—and would give me her final decision at the end of three months."

"With such I was bound to be satisfied, the more so that Lena allowed me one sweet never-to-be-forgotten kiss, for was she not my cousin I argued, and she answered: 'Yes, of course.' Mr. Weller may have had a holy horror of 'vidders,' but his experience as regards cousins of the opposite sex was evidently limited, or he would have devoted some attention to the study of such equally dangerous edged tools."

"Three months will seem like an age, Lena," I said, as I heaved a ten-ton sigh; "but, then, visibly brightening, 'I forgot that we will not be separated during all that time.'"

"No! Won't it be lovely—perfectly jolly!" she cried with girlish glee; "and Charlie Fenwick is coming down, too?"

"Oh, is he? And who is Charlie Fenwick? I asked, while I knew my brow for a moment rivalled a coal-heaver's in tint."

"What! Don't you know Charlie Fenwick? Ha! Ha! Ha! Of course not, for he only came here last fall. He lives in the Seaton's old place. Mr. Seaton is his uncle, and Charlie will get all his money when the old man dies. He is such a nice boy, is Charlie."

"I am glad you like him, Lena," said I, hastily dropping Mr. Fenwick for the present and starting a fresh topic; "and who else is coming down?"

"Captain Terryberry and—"

"Captain Terryberry!" I gasped, for I knew him well and heartily disliked him. "You are acquainted with Captain Terryberry then,

Lena?"

"I know him a little," she replied, "but don't like him, Herbert. He squints so, and always looks at the third button on your dress when he talks to you—he couldn't look anybody straight in the face. And then he makes such horribly cutting remarks about everybody else, save himself. But you should hear Charlie Fenwick snub him sometimes. Captain Terryberry always looks then as if he would like to squash him like a little beetle," and Lena laughed gaily."

"I must say, I feel interested in Mr. Fenwick," I said, trying to make the best of the situation. "When shall I have the opportunity (I couldn't say 'pleasure'), of meeting him, and publicly thanking him for 'downing' the Captain?"

"This very day—he is coming to lunch with us; but about the Captain, Herbert, I don't think you like him either," said Lena.

"No, I candidly confess that, like Koko, 'I never heard such an unanimity of opinion in my life,' as regards the Terryberry; but, by the way, his name reminds me of Dion Courtney," I said, "as the two cordially detest each other."

"I have no particular love for him, certainly," interrupted Dion.

"Yes, I knew that, and I told her so," continued Herbert, "and she brightened up wonderfully at the mere mention of your name, and said enthusiastically: 'Dear old Dion, tell me about him—my! what chums you two used to be, Herbert. Why, I remember when I was quite a little girl, he was down here in the shooting season. People used to call you Damon and Pythias, and once, when you quarreled—Dion stepped on your toe going in to dinner, I think—old Mr. Ardleigh called you the 'lion and the unicorn,' and tried to make a most wretched pun by asking you to take off your shoe and show him the unicorn; whereupon everybody tried to laugh, and you and Dion went out behind the stables and punched each other's heads, and made both your noses bleed, and then fell on each other's necks and vowed eternal friendship. Oh, I remember it all. You were awful boys.'"

"At this recital I felt my cheeks burn, and my ears tingle with mortification that this scene, which you and I, Dion, had often felt heartily ashamed of, should thus become a matter of history and be recalled out of the oblivion past, by my beloved, too. But the effort to look annoyed was too much for me, and I laughed as heartily as she."

"And then," she continued, "I remember that during the county election, when Sir Abel Hardy and Mr. Wainwright were the candidates, you and Dion vowed you would do something for the popular man, who of course was Mr. Wainwright. And when Sir Abel called a mass meeting in Salsby, you put your two heads together and planned a surprise,

Continued on Page Fifteen.

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Girls' spring

woolens with zigzag designs

and hop sack colors, corded chevrons, and goods, in profusion long used.

deeply crinkled silk, make beautiful. They are gray, and white satin

woolens will country in the with white or with small brooks. Fancy

will rival China pretty fabrics dresses for school gingham, so with cords, narrow lines

faces, in profusion, and will make of blazer or reef else they for

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belted waist a gored skirt the cheviot corded wool a round waist

from the balero jacket repped silk gowns of crepe

not be as expensive nor so deeply very cheaply. silk has a wide

line with same. A speckled with

Girls' Spring Dresses.

EVERYTHING goes this season in girls' dresses, say the children's clever dressmakers. Individual taste is followed, and a style of dress appropriate to each child is adopted. The short French frock with skirt to the knee is used altogether by fashionable mothers for girls of from four to ten years. More conservative mothers prefer skirts reaching half-way to the shoe-tops, while others, with two or three little daughters, dress each differently, having long Empire gowns with short waist for the smallest, scant French frocks for the second girl, and those of medium length for the eldest. Extremely long Greenaway gowns, though still worn in Paris, are abandoned here, and the desire for shorter skirts extends even to those of babies of two years, which now show an inch of stocking above the buttoned shoe. The fancy is for plain untrimmed skirts made very full, many using three breadths of gingham in skirts for girls of four years, and four breadths for those from six to fourteen years old; but others, considering this measurement too ample, prefer skirts half a yard narrower. Tucks above a wide hem, embroidered insertions, and bands of ribbon are used instead of ruffles when trimmed skirts are desired.

Round waists of natural length are on high-necked frocks and those cut low to wear with guimpes. They are made full over a fitted lining of white French cambric, and are shirred or drawn on cords at the waist-line, then sewed with a cord to the skirt, many of the new models omitting a regular belt. Great breadth of shoulders is given, as in ladies' dresses, by collarettes gathered to the standing collar, by a full bertha frill around the shoulders or following the edge of the yoke, by full epaulettes, by reverse, and by bretelles that widen on the shoulders. Puffed sleeves are of all lengths, from a single balloon puff with edge turned under to a fitted lining, or else a puff to the elbow with a ruffle below, or perhaps two puffs and a ruffle, while even infants' long dresses are shown with sleeves of three great puffs. Mutton-leg sleeves and bishop sleeves gathered to cuffs are on simple school dresses of wool and of cotton. Sailor suits with comfortable blouse waists will be worn more than they have ever been, both in the twilled cottons and gingham, and in serges and sacking. The braid on the skirts may be omitted without detracting from the style. The newest guimpes of nainsook are trimmed around the neck and arms rather than lengthwise, as with many rows of shirring just below the collar, or with alternate puffs and insertions of embroidery or lace. Little bolero jackets of the material of the wool skirt are worn over shirt waists of China silk or dotted taffeta that are fully gathered and have full silk sleeves, these latter serving as the only sleeves of the dress. Yokes are still in great favor, whether round or square, and are made very shallow, with often a bertha frill below.

Girls' spring frocks are made of figured woollens with pin dots, narrow stripes, and zigzag designs, of the shot serges, plain serges and hop sacking, basket-woven woolls of two colors, corded and repped woolls, mixed chevrons, and the many mixed silk and wool goods, in preference to the plain cashmeres so long used. Plaids are little used. Crepons, deeply crinkled, wrought with small dots of silk, make best dresses for spring and summer alike. They come in ecru, pale green, pinkish gray, and gray blue, trimmed with lace and white satin ribbons. Bright red speckled woollens will be worn all spring, and in the country in the summer. Satin striped challois, with white or colored ground nearly covered with small blossoms, makes pretty afternoon frocks. Fancy silks, glace sarahs, or taffetas, will rival China and India silks, though these pretty fabrics will not be abandoned. Wash dresses for school and daily use are of zephyr gingham, some with silk stripes, others with cords, and all with small designs of narrow lines and tiny dots or crinkled surfaces, in preference to plaids. Linen duck, pique, and the Galatee twilled cottons will make durable summer suits, with a blazer or refter to wear with shirt waists; or else they form sailor dresses, with a blouse waist. Orsandy muslins with printed flowers and embroidered white dots are being made up for girls' thin dresses; also ecru batistes with gay flower designs. Pin-dotted Swiss muslins and those with tiny sprigs will rival nainsook for white dresses. For trimmings are open-patterned embroideries, with scalloped edges and as insertions, and beading of all widths. White laces of various kinds are used in profusion; those with two kinds of meshes, one of fine net, the other like guipure, being newest. Satin and velvet ribbons, one or two inches wide, are in contrasting colors for shoulder-knots, a large bow on the chest, a straight collar and belt, and three or five rows around the skirt.

Girls' wool dresses are not only made of the materials used by their grown sisters, but are similar in design as well. They have for general wear blue, gray, or tan serge or sacking dresses made with a shirt waist, and sleeves of figured, plaid, or striped silk, the wool serving as a Directorate jacket pointed low in front, and sleeveless, and has the skirt slightly gored in front and on the sides, trimmed with three, five, or seven rows of Hercules braid. Some of their simple cheviot dresses have a detachable Derby collar, and are thus ready for house or street. These have a belted waist with drooping puffed sleeves, and a gored skirt trimmed with two bias bands of the cheviot edged with fancy gimp. Gray-blue corded wool and tan whip-cords are made with a round waist that has velvet bretelles coming from the back of the sleeves, and edging a bolero jacket which opens on soft fronts of repped silk of contrasting color. Their best gowns of crepon are simply charming, and need not be as expensive as the crepons of last season, nor so deeply crimped, as newer ones are selling very cheaply. A white crepon made over pink silk has a wide folded girdle of old rose bengaline with stock-collar and sleeve puffs of the same. A pretty dress of pale green crepon speckled with pale rose has a high round waist

gathered below a collar of green satin ribbon, then drawn down under a flat girdle of ecru guipure, on which rests a green satin ribbon belt, to which the skirt is attached. Epaulettes of ecru guipure lace fall over large sleeves. Shoulder bows of green satin ribbon have bands pointing down like suspenders to the belt. Lace cuffs are on the close lower sleeves. The skirt of four breadths, each slightly gored, has a ruche of pink satin inside the foot, showing only as the wearer moves. Empire gowns of crepon for very small girls have the short waist falling in blouse fashion over a girdle of bengaline. They are shirred at the top around a bengaline collar and have sleeves puffed to the elbow.

Finely striped gingham dresses for girls of six to fourteen years have a straight skirt of four breadths trimmed with three insertions of open-patterned embroidery stitched on four inches apart above a four-inch hem. This skirt is gathered to a belt of gingham two inches and a half wide, overlaid with a band of insertion, a rosette of gingham concealing the hooks at the back. The waist, over a fitted lining of French cambric, has a square yoke of bias gingham edged with insertion in front, back, and over the shoulders, with also a bias collar band holding insertion. The full lower part of gingham has three shirrings below the yoke, and is drawn down in ten meeting pleats at the waist line, then continues lower to cover the lining, and passes under the skirt out of sight. A side form is let into large sizes of this waist. The sleeves have a bias puff to the elbow, and are close below, with a band of insertion at the wrist.

Many mothers prefer to make school dresses of cambric, Chambray, cotton cheviot, or gingham without lining in the waist. These are made up in shirt-waist fashion with a yoke across the back, the front like a blouse with a box pleat down the middle. Full shirt sleeves with deep, square cuffs and turned-over collar complete these waists. The skirt is sewed to the belt, and rows of braid trim the belt, collar and cuffs. A pretty fashion for high-belted waists of nice gingham is to add a collarette or ruffle six or seven inches deep, gathered all around below a standing collar, and reaching over the sleeve tops. The new dark blue gingham, with white cords resembling Russian velours, are made up effectively with a high-belted waist and a pointed collarette striped with open-patterned white embroidery. The turn-over collar is of embroidery; cuffs to match are on large mutton-leg sleeves. A square yoke of embroidered insertion or of beading threaded with black velvet ribbon is on pale pink, blue and yellow striped gingham, with a deep bertha of embroidery below the yoke. Satin-striped gingham are not thought too elaborate for these young girls, made with a bolero jacket front turned back in embroidered revers that widen over the shoulders from a gathered belted front of white embroidered cambric. Indigo blue and white checked gingham for girls of six years are made with a tucked round waist that has a wide sash of the material set in under the arms and tied behind in a large bow. Two deep ruffles or collarettes are trimmed with Cash's white feather-stitched bands. Some little school dresses are made low in the neck, without sleeves, but with wide ruffles around the neck, and are worn with a guimpe of pale blue or pink Chambray of very simple shape.

LA MODE.

He Didn't Look It.



—Judge.

Lincoln's Repertee.

Judge Boddett tells of an occasion when he was down at Springfield that Abraham Lincoln appeared before the Supreme Court in a case in which the point at issue was a certain lien upon a piece of property. Mr. Lincoln's client owned the property. The presiding judge was noted as being somewhat pedantic. In the course of Mr. Lincoln's remarks he had occasion to speak of the lien referred to and invariably pronounced it "leen," long and flat, as the word is used in common conversation. This visibly affected the judge.

"Very well," said the future President of the United States, hardly heeding the interruption. Pretty soon Uncle Abe warned up to the exigencies of his case and, forgetting all about the judge's admonition, came out with another "leen," as close to the vernacular as ever.

"Leen, Mr. Lincoln," the court again took occasion to observe.

"As you please," was Lincoln's somewhat nettled rejoinder.

"Not as I please," came from the bench. "That is the pronunciation favored by Webster and Worcester. It so obtains at Westminster Hall, and also at our own Supreme Court at Washington."

During this exordium on the amenities of legal pronunciation Lincoln had recovered his proverbial good humor, and as a twinkling appeared in his eye he bowed to the court and remarked: "Certainly, your Honor, certainly. I only desire to say that if my client had known there was a 'lien' on his farm for so long a time I'm sure he would not have stayed there even long enough to bring this suit, and I should not have the pleasure of appearing before this honorable court."—Chicago Times.



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Social and Personal.

A very pretty and charming sight was the *bal poudre* on Wednesday evening at the Pavilion. The ball was given in aid of the Ladies' Work Depository, and was patronized and managed by the *elite* of Toronto. Women never look more bewitching than in the quaint powder and patches of the last century, and the lovely belles of Toronto society became the *ancient mode* to a marvel. The Government House party arrived at half-past nine, and the ball began shortly after. The music was supplied by the band of the Royal Grenadiers, and was extremely good; the refreshments and supper were by Webb. The south gallery was crowded with spectators, who remained till after midnight. The attendance was not over large, and therefore the gowns and their wearers were seen distinctly, while the dancers revelled in a superb floor and lots of elbow room. In fact, every undesirable feature of a large crush was absent and, as a pretty lady who dearly loves a dance remarked, it was more like a private party than a ball. Among the brilliant women who for the nonce were *poudre* and *piquante* I remarked: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in a pink gown edged and corded with dark velvet, with *berthe* of white lace and *coiffure* of jewels. The handsome lady looked as bright and interested as the youngest *debutante* and had a cordial smile for each and all. Miss Kirkpatrick wore a handsome gown of pale blue brocade, with a very pretty *berthe* of trailing pink roses and foliage, which was most becoming. The Misses Angus of Montreal, who were visiting at Government House, were much admired. Miss Angus wore a delicate dress of white brocade, with *heliotrope* sash and a rich *berthe* of lace. Mrs. Fraser, a lovely visitor, wore a white satin, brocaded with a dainty design of fern leaves, and covered in front from girdle to hem with exquisite point lace. This was one of the most rich and rare confections of the evening. Mrs. Hodgins of Bloor street was in black *moire* with deep black lace draperies. Mrs. (Dr.) Hodgins, president of the Depository, wore deep green corded silk, with quaint vandykes of cream lace, a most becoming gown; Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer was elegantly dressed, with French brocade train, with Japon of lace, and some lovely French blush roses; Mrs. Charlie Temple looked very handsome in pale blue satin with train and trimmings of very dark velvet; Mrs. Sweeney wore a dainty white satin gown with gold passementerie; Mrs. Cosby was a handsome figure in cream with foot garniture of green velvet and gold and the fashionable deep lace *en berthe*; Mrs. Charles O'Reilly wore a trim gown of pale blue with a belt of pearls; Mrs. Justice Osler looked magnificently stately in black satin *en train* with plastron of cut steel passementerie; another handsome matron was Mrs. Dawson, in a lovely old rose brocade with *petunia* velvet sleeves and train; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt was a sweet picture in a Frenchy mixture of fawn and pale blue, with foot *ruche*, *Bilero* jacket, and large faint-tinted velvet sleeves; Mrs. J. D. Hay wore a Watteau train of white and silver brocade, over a japon of old pink *fille* with pearl embroidery; Mrs. Hay's sweet face looks always charming and no costume fails to become it; Mrs. Alfred Cameron wore green brocade, with gold passementerie corset; Mrs. Melfort Boulton's blue *satin* brocaded in panels of convolvuli, lemon yellow bodice and lace, was one of the handsomest gowns seen; Mrs. Harcourt Vernon wore a pale blue *satin* Watteau gown; Mrs. R. A. Pyne was *piquante* in cream silk and moss green velvet; Mrs. Percy Galt was in a cloudlike silver gray *satin* under white net with steel fringe *en berthe*; Mrs. Watkins wore a soft *princesse* gown of cream cashmere with lace flounce, baby ribbon knots, and a most prettily arranged *coiffure*; Miss Adelaide Boulton wore a gown of mustard yellow, with large, drooping, puffed sleeves; Miss Hagarty was in old rose silk, with knots and sleeves of deeper shade of velvet; Miss Cawthra wore white *satin*, with bordering of ostrich plumes; Miss Nellie Gordon was in pale green *fille*; Mrs. Dewar was a *grande dame* in rich black silk velvet, *en train*; Mrs. May wore black, with bright green velvet trimmings; Miss May was charming in white *satin*; Mrs. Riordan's gown was lovely, a white *satin* with inch-wide stripes of pale-pinkish fawn-gray, and dove-gray velvet corage; Miss Georgie Crombie wore a pretty white gown, with modish trimmings of warm pink *ruches*; Miss Gussie Hodgins was in a dainty gown of pale blue; Miss Ada Arthurs was gowned in cream color, and carried a magnificent bouquet of deep red roses; Miss Riordan wore a filmy gown of embroidered *lisse* with pale *petunia* *satin* sleeves; Miss Denniston was charming in shrimp pink silk and white lace, and was beautiful *y coiffure* with pearls; Miss May Walker wore a white rainbow striped silk and hair in a *queue*, and looked extremely sweet and pretty; Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick was *chic* and bright; Mrs. Hendrie, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Hay, was in black with blue velvet trimmings. But time and space fail to tell of the beauties and their brave array. The most lovely of all was undoubtedly Mrs. Norton, who made her *debut* as a married lady and was, as of old, the ideal realized of a beautiful woman. She was in white, with blush roses, and pretty pink ribbons on her fan. Many admiring glances were sent after her, and as she entered on the arm of her husband, Captain Norton was a well envied man. The officers from the Fort, some of the Kilites in trows, and Commander Law and Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick in blue facings lit up the scene still further by the brightness of their uniforms. The Kilites were especially well represented. The handsome colonel and major, not to mention the captains, were much *en evidence* and highly decorative. The whole evening's arrangements reflected great honor on those who had the charge of them.

The lady managers, to whose energies and hard work much of the success of the function was undoubtedly due, were: Mrs. (Arnold), Mrs. M. Boulton, Mrs. R. H. Bethune, Miss Campbell, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Dyas, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. E. A. Meredith, Mrs. W. K. Meredith, Mrs. Meredith, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Riordan, Mrs. J. Scott, Mrs.

Stevenson, Mrs. C. Temple, and Mrs. Warren. These were assisted in completing the details of the arrangements by the following gentlemen, who acted as stewards: Messrs. H. Bolton, G. Bolton, Colin Campbell, K. Cameron, H. Cawthra, R. C. Dickson, J. H. Dyas, P. Goldingham, Percy Hodgins, K. Montzambert, C. N. Shanly and Lieut. Laurie.

The formal opening of the Legislature took place on Tuesday afternoon, and was followed by a reception, which a large number of fashionably attired people attended. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore *velvet* rose and black with black lace; Mrs. John D. Hay wore a pale green gown of silk *decollete*, and her mother, Mrs. Hendrie, was very richly dressed in white and *heliotrope* brocade; Miss Hendrie wore light and dark green silk; Miss Lena Hendrie was in cream silk with brown velvet; Mrs. John Taylor wore *heliotrope* silk under net with white lace; Miss Taylor, striped pink silk with feather boa; Mrs. Dawson was in velvet; Mrs. A. S. Hardy, in fawn figured silk with mauve velvet and black lace; Miss Pop, fawn cloth costume; Miss Kingsmill, rose silk; Mrs. E. F. Clarke, violet silk with heavy black lace; Mrs. Nicholas Avry, a rich gown of yellow silk; Mrs. Garvin, a pretty gown of white and pink; Mrs. Hodgins, fawn silk; Miss Gilray, white and fawn combination; Mrs. Stewart, an exquisite confection in purple and violet; Miss Margaret Danlop of Hamilton, blue silk; Mrs. G. W. Ross, rose-colored silk gown; Mrs. J. M. Gibson, mauve *satin*; Miss Gibson, pink silk; Mrs. Judge Kingsmill, purple velvet; Mrs. DuMoulin, black velvet; Miss Dixon, white silk and green velvet; Miss Gussie Dixon, pink silk; Miss Bunting, black silk with velvet trimming; Mrs. Thomas Long, brown *satin*; Miss Lamport, dark green walking costume of cloth and velvet; Miss Gussie Hodgins, a walking costume of blue cloth, trimmed with otter fur; Mrs. A. M. Cosby, pearl silk, with exquisite white lace; Miss Tina Hughes, black silk, pale pink stripe; Mrs. Wm. Mulock, gray brocaded silk with white lace; Miss Mulock, white silk; Mrs. George Dickson, rose-colored silk and green velvet; Miss Sullivan, pale green silk, with an opera cloak of green velvet; Mrs. John Wright, black brocaded silk, pink stripe; Mrs. Fred Moffatt, rich gown of purple silk; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, rose-colored silk, with an exquisite hat of rose and gold; Miss May Walker, black silk, pale blue stripes and pretty hat to match; Mrs. Walter S. Lee, black silk with trimmings of pale blue; Miss Lee, pale blue silk gown; Miss Mabel Lee, in a gown of cream and pink; Mrs. Charles Moss, rich mauve silk gown with pale pink trimmings; Miss Wilkie, green silk under rich black net; Mrs. James Crowther, black silk with trimming of rich black lace; Mrs. Arthurs, black silk and velvet; Miss Miller, evening gown of white silk; Miss Florence Washington, white silk with gold; Mrs. Willson, gown of white silk; Mrs. Herbert Mason, black velvet; Mrs. Frank Yeigh, violet silk; Mrs. Irving, violet and black; Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, a rich gown of pink brocaded *satin*; Miss Baird, a pretty gown of blue; Miss Maud Baird, in gray silk; Miss Hughes, a pretty cloth combination of white and red; Miss Sutton, black velvet; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, pink and flame-colored watered silk; Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, a rich gown of sage green velvet; Mrs. Jean Jarvis, white watered silk, black lace; and M. A. Buchanan, green velvet and gold passementerie.

A very elegant wedding was that of Miss Dora Brown and Mr. Carl Miencke, which took place in St. George's church on Tuesday afternoon at half past two. The service was choral and the ceremony was performed by Canon Cayley, assisted by the curate of the church. Miss Brown is a Quebec lady, whose parents have been for some time residing at the Queen's Hotel. Mr. Brown is at present in delicate health, and his wife and family wished to try a change of air with a view to his benefit thereby. By those who have been so fortunate as to meet Mrs. Brown and her charming daughters, they have already been welcomed as a distinct acquisition to the most refined circles. Miss Brown has especially endeared herself by her frank and winning manner to a warm circle of friends, consequently her nuptials excited much interest, and a pretty coterie of guests assembled in the old church of St. George the Martyr to witness them. The bride's robe was magnificent, the elegantly finished work of a London Court dressmaker, and provoked a sigh of admiration as the graceful figure of the bride moved up the aisle. The shoulder train of rich *satin* brocade was wadded and lined with *satin*, finished at the hem with under box pleating of soft Brussels net; lace, rich and rare, and lustrous pearl trimmings formed the garniture, and flat bouquets of orange blossom and various light and graceful snow-white flowers were laid on the train and petticoat. The drooping foot-fringe of flowers and lace was exquisitely arranged; altogether, perhaps it is inside the mark to say that Miss Brown's wedding gown was the most elegant seen in Toronto for some years. The bridesmaids were the sisters of the bride and were gowned in cream white *Bilford* cord, with picture hats and bouquets of roses. Mrs. Brown, mother of the bride, wore a beautiful dress of black silk velvet, with court train and petticoat of yellow and white brocaded *satin*, draped with deep cascades of black lace; a small lace and jet bonnet with yellow plumes and *allegrettes*. Mr. Stanley Mitchell and Mr. Whitehead were groomsmen. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests were driven to the Queen's to partake of a *recherche dejeuner* and drink health and happiness to the bride and groom. The wedding reception was held in the room known as the Princess's room, where the presents which had been received were displayed. A number of gifts were not, on account of duty, sent across the line, as Mr. and Mrs. Miencke will make their home in New Haven, Connecticut. The presents from the bride's two brothers were most rich and beautiful; a set of every article of table silver one could imagine, in sterling silver, packed in a handsome oaken case, and a dream of a Sevres china drawing-room lamp set in a silver gilt stand, and painted in

beautiful designs of Cupids and clouds, the whole finished by a white *satin* and gold embroidered lace shade with jeweled butterflies, a gift fit for a duchess. Miss Emily Brown, whose artistic talent is pronounced, presented her sister with eight large and exquisitely executed water colors framed in gold and white enamel. Scores of lovely gifts from the East, dainty lace and rich gold and silver were admired by all. Among the guests I remarked: Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. and Miss Lillie, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Carson, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, and the Misses Dupont; a bevy of young ladies from Miss Dupont's seminary, who are the classmates of Miss Brown the younger, Canon Cayley, Mr. Martland and others. The bride and groom left on the 4.55 train. Mrs. Melacke's traveling dress was of navy blue, with *ecru* trimmings; a very pretty *ecru* rustic straw *chapeau*; and a modish little tri-fold cape, lined with tartan silk.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick was assisted in receiving on Wednesday afternoon by Miss Kirkpatrick and the Misses Angus of Montreal. A large number of callers paid their devoirs, among whom I remarked: Mrs. Moss, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Mrs. F. Moffatt, Mrs. Hay, Miss Hendrie, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Miss Walker, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. and Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Temple, Miss Bunting, Miss Riordan, Miss Hodgins and numbers of others. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore an elegant reception gown, a *la* Watteau, in black and pink brocade. A number of pretty spring *chapeaux* were visible, though the sudden snowstorm kept the dainty gowns in abeyance.

The West End branch of the Toronto College of Music have issued invitations for a musical evening, to be given by the pupils of the college, in Broadway Hall, on Wednesday evening next.

A very pretty and interesting wedding was that of Mr. W. McLean McDonnell and Miss Marion Powell, which took place on Wednesday at 2.30 in St. Stephen's church. Mr. Broughall officiated. The bride was gowned in a white *fille* Empire dress, sash and bodice trimmed with *chiffon* and rare Venetian lace, with tulle veil and the orthodox orange blossoms and myrtle. She entered the church on the arm of her brother, Mr. W. Beverley Powell of Scranton, Penn., who also gave her away. The bridesmaids were Miss Powell, in a sweet frock of green *crepon* and picture hat trimmed with ribbons and flowers; Miss Edith Powell, cousin of the bride and one of the belles of Ottawa, who wore a dear little gown of pale pink *crepon*, with fawn trimmings and large hat *en suite*, and Miss McDonnell, sister of the groom, who wore a *heliotrope* gown and large hat in the 1830 fashion, with large *bretelles* and puffed sleeves. The bride's bouquet, and those carried by the maids, were of choice roses. Mr. Nell McLean, uncle of the bridegroom, was best man, the remaining groomsmen being Dr. T. D. Thorburn and Mr. Bob Moss. Messrs. W. B. Raymond, A. H. O'Brien and Jack McGilvery were the ushers. Mrs. Chapman, mother of the bride, wore a handsome costume of black and yellow, and entered the church on the arm of her brother-in-law, Capt. Ansley of Port Dover. The wedding breakfast was at the residence of the bride's mother, 30 Brunswick avenue. The testimonies of affection and esteem in the shape of bridal presents filled one large apartment, and among them were noticeable five fifty dollar cheques. The bride's going away dress was one of the handsomest of the green combinations that has yet been turned out by any Toronto modiste. The bride and groom left on the 4.55 train for a tour of the American cities, a trip which, unfortunately, will be much shorter than originally planned, owing to the extreme illness of Mr. McDonnell's partner, Mr. Charlie Scott, who lies at his home with typhoid fever. Among the numerous guests from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Ansley, Miss Beatrice Ansley, Mr. Clayton Ansley, Mrs. Skye and Capt. Battersby of Port Dover, Mrs. Tisdale of Orillia, Col. and Mrs. Walter Powell and Miss Powell of Ottawa, Mrs. Bowman of Penetanguishene, Mr. W. B. Powell of Scranton, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Essex of Sarnia, Commodore and Mrs. Williams of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Alan McLean, Miss Alice McLean, and the Misses McDonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Smythe, Miss Birdie McGilvery, Mr. T. McGilvery, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Fitzgerald, the Misses Bayley, Mr. Ned Bayley, Mr. and Mrs. McQuaig, Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anglin, the Misses McLean, Mr. W. B. Raymond, Mr. A. H. O'Brien, Rev. A. T. Broughall, Mrs. and Miss McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. Peachy Trew, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Dr. N. Anderson, Rev. G. W. Stevenson, Mrs. and the Misses Fraser, the Misses Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Jack French, Mr. and Mrs. Heald, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald McLean, and many others.

Another wedding took place on Wednesday at the same hour, but in St. Margaret's church, Spadina avenue. It made man and wife Mr. Percy D'Yencourt Strickland and Miss Mabel Bright, two great favorites in Toronto society, and was an ideal spring wedding. The bride wore a lovely wedding gown of white *fille* trimmed with Genoeese lace, with bridal veil and wreath, and carried a bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were Miss Adelaide Boulton and Miss Ethel Ridout, with Miss Florence Bright, sister of the bride, as maid of honor. They wore dresses of cream white with full sleeves, and most dainty hats of white with green trimmings. These pretty costumes had a most reasonable spring-like effect. Mr. Walter Strickland, brother of the groom, acted as best man, and Messrs. Charles Swabey, A. C. Bedford Jones, A. Strickland and W. Bright acted as ushers. The wedding reception and *dejeuner* were held at the home of the bride's parents, 15 Ross street. Mr. and Mrs. Strickland left on the 4.55 train for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McLean Macdonell intend very soon going into their pretty home at 201 College street. Mrs. Macdonell will receive after April 17.

The French Club meets this evening at the

residence of Mrs. John Taylor, 460 Jarvis street.

Miss Dyas is visiting Mrs. Reynolds at Guelph.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne have moved into their residence, Cloverhill, 40 St. Joseph street, where Mrs. Osborne will be at home to her friends on Fridays.

In honor of Miss L. A. Sherk, daughter of the Rev. D. Sherk of Berlin, Ont., who was leaving the city for her home, Mr. and Mrs. Rowley of Spadina avenue gave a very enjoyable evening party on Tuesday.

Rev. A. G. Edward Westmacott of Brighton has been visiting at 292 Jarvis street since Monday last.

The many friends of Mr. Albert Bradley of the eastern branch of the Bank of Commerce, whose serious illness we have before referred to, will be pleased to learn that he is now free from fever and is on the road to convalescence.

Mrs. and Miss Ley of Cobourg have been in Toronto this week.

The latest accounts received in Toronto of the health of Mr. Clarence T. Whitney are reassuring.

Mrs. Williams, corner of Wellesley and Sherbourne streets, entertained a number of young people on Monday evening last. Some of those present were: Messrs. Coleman, Lamont, Brown and Maude Seales, and Messrs. Allan, Lamont, McNaught, Cox and Reed.

The members of Chesterfield Lodge, S.O.E., gave their final At Home for the season in St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Tuesday evening last. Dancing commenced shortly before nine o'clock in the large hall, which was brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, and continued, with a short intermission for supper, until about three a.m. Bro. Prof. Davis filled the position of M.C. and performed his duties admirably. During the recess humorous speeches were delivered by W.P. Bro. Clay and W.P.P. Bro. Home, which immensely pleased the audience. Several of those present kindly favored the company with songs, and a quartette sung by Mrs. Herbert, Miss Morrell and Bros. Nicholls and Herbert was received with marked approval. From first to last there was not one dull moment and the company dispersed in the wee sma' hours, very well pleased with their evening's entertainment. It was undoubtedly a great success throughout.

Mr. E. H. Bickford of Gore Vale entertained a party of friends at McConkey's after the opera on Tuesday evening, among the guests present being Captain and Mrs. Norton.

Hon. M. W. Elphinstone of Winnipeg, son of Lord Elphinstone, was in the city recently.

Last Tuesday evening a number of Mr. W. D. Grand's friends entertained him at dinner at the Albany Club, and on Wednesday night at the National Club, on the occasion of his leaving this city for New York.

Mr. V. H. Knight spent Easter with relatives in Woodstock.

Mr. E. T. Malone and Mr. F. G. Inwood, the retiring president and treasurer of the Reform Club, were presented with illuminated addresses at a dinner given at the Club house on Tuesday evening last, as a small token of esteem and in recognition of their services to the association.

A large crowd of young people thoroughly enjoyed themselves at a fancy masquerade ball held at the residence of Commissioner Jones of Dufferin street on Tuesday evening.

One of Montreal's fair daughters, Miss Davidson, daughter of Mr. Thomas Davidson, is staying with the Misses Hugel at 210 John street.

Miss Hugel has been visiting Mrs. Nordheimer, Glenedryth.

Miss Addie Richards and Miss Madge MacLeod of Woodstock have been visiting friends and spending Easter in town.

Col. Banting of Cookstown spent Easter in Parkdale, the guest of his nephew, Mr. Banting of Dunn avenue.

The Ontario Society of Artists gave an At Home in the Art Gallery on Thursday evening. A charming programme was rendered.

Miss Pattie Hall, a Peterboro' belle, is visiting Mrs. Strickland of 3 Grange road. Mr. and Mrs. J. Percy Strickland have also been guests.

Continued on Page Sixteen.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Novelties in 4 Button undressed Kid with large Pearl Buttons, heavy welts and stitchings to match any costume.

Chamois Gloves in 4 Button and mosquito-taire with colored stitchings.

R. & G. CORSETS P. & D.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING

Our Stock of goods and dress trimmings is now complete. Special lines in Hope sacking in all the different shadings, which is the latest novelty in New York.

WM STITT & CO.
11 and 13 King Street EastWhite
China

FOR DECORATING

We are giving this line special attention.

Gold

We are able to sell gold at a much less price than it can be bought elsewhere, and we guarantee every box.

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"LADIES' FOOTWEAR"
We Keep the Latest Shapes in
WALKING SHOES, HOUSE SHOES, DRESS SHOES
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Caterer & Confectioner,
The Ontario Wedding Cake Manufacturer

Centres Silverware Cutlery

447 Yonge St.
Opposite the College Avenue TORONTO

Dinners, Weddings, Evening Parties

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1 Trio.....

2 Scotch Dance

3 Solo.....

4 Recitation

5 Harmonium

6 Tambourine

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Miss M. Coy

Miss C. Mac

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2 Solo.....

3 Tableau.....

4 Comedy.....

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you answer? Why do you look such a miserable, degraded creature—self-convicted—not able to say a word in your defence?"

"On the last day of the year?" she faltered, with those tremulous lips.

"On the last day of the year before last—the winter I spent in Burma. What were you doing—where were you—where had you been? Is it so difficult to remember?"

"No, no; of course not," she cried, with a half-hysterical laugh. "You frighten me out of my senses, Martin. I don't know what you are aiming at. I was coming home from London on that day—of course—the 31st of January—no, December. Coming home from Hans Place, where I had been spending a few days with Gwendoline."

"You never told me of that visit to Gwendoline."

"Oh, yes; I'm sure I told you all about it in one of my letters. Perhaps you did not get that letter—I remember you never noticed it in yours. Martin, for God's sake don't look at me like that!"

"I am looking at you to see if you are the woman I have loved and believed in, or if you are as false as hell," he said, with his strong hand grasping her shoulder, her face turned to his, so that those frightened eyes of hers could not escape his scrutiny.

"Who has put this nonsense into your head?"

"Your neighbor—your good Mrs. Crowther's husband—told me that his lawyer traveled with you from Paddington—on the 31st of December—the year before last. He got into conversation with you—you remember, perhaps?"

"No," she cried, with a sudden piteous change in her face, "I can't remember."

"But you came from London on that day. You remember that?"

"Yes, yes. I came from Gwendoline's house on that day. I told you so in my letter."

"That letter which I never received—telling me of that visit to which you made no allusion in any of your later letters. It was about that time, I think, that you fell off as a correspondent—left off telling me all the little details of your life—which in your earlier letters seemed to shorten the distance between us."

She was silent, listening to his reproaches with a sullen dumbness, as it seemed to him, while he stood there in his agony of doubt—in his despairing love. He turned from her with a heart-broken sigh, and slowly left the room, going away he scarce knew whither, only to put himself beyond the possibility of saying hard things to her, or letting cruel, branding words escape out of the devouring fire in his heart.

She stood for a few moments after he had gone, hesitating, breathless and frightened, like a hunted animal at bay—then ran to the door, opened it softly and listened. She could hear him pacing the room above. Again she stood still and hesitated, her lips tightly set, her hands clenched, her brow bent in painful thought. Then she snatched hat and jacket from a corner of the hall where such things were kept, and put them on hurriedly, with trembling hands, as if her fate depended upon the speed with which she got herself ready to go out, looking up at the great, dim, brazen face of the eight-day clock all the while. And then she let herself out at a half-glass door into the garden, and walked quickly to a side gate that opened into the lane—the gate at which the baker and the butcher stopped to gossip with the maids on fine mornings.

There was a cold bracing wind, and the sun was declining in a sky barred with dense, black clouds, touched here and there with gleams of golden light—an ominous sky, prophetic of storm or rain. Isola walked up the hill towards Tywardreath as if she were going on an errand of deadliest moment, skirting and passed the village, with no slackening of her pace, and so by hill and valley to Par, a long and weary walk under ordinary circumstances for a delicate young woman, although accustomed to long country walks. But Isola went upon her lonely journey with a feverish determination which seemed to make her unconscious of distance. Her steps never faltered upon the hard, dusty road. The autumn wind that swept the dead leaves round her feet seemed to carry her along upon its course. Past copse and meadow, common land and stubble, she walked steadily onward, looking neither to right nor left of her path, only straightforward to the gleaming lights that showed fiery red in the gray dusk at Par junction. She watched the lights growing larger and more distinct as she neared the end of her journey. She saw the fainter lights of the village scattered thinly beyond the station lamps, low down towards the sandy shore. She heard the distant rush of a train, and the dull sob of the sea creeping up along the level shore, between the great cliffs that screened the bay. A clock struck six as she waited at the level crossing, in an agony of impatience, while truck after truck of china clay crept slowly by, in a procession which seemed endless; and then for the first time she felt that the wind was cold, and that her thin little jacket did not protect her from that biting blast. Finally the line was clear, and she was able to cross and make her way to the village postoffice.

Her business at the postoffice occupied about a quarter of an hour, and when she came out into the village street the sky had darkened and there were heavy rain drops falling; but she hurried back by the way she had come, recrossed the line and set out on the long journey home. The shower did not last long, but it was not the only one she encountered on her way back, and the poor little jacket was wet through when she re-entered by the servants' gate, and the half-glass door, creeping stealthily into her own house and running upstairs to her own room to get rid of her wet garments before anyone could surprise her with questions and sympathy. It was past eight o'clock, though she had walked so fast all the way as to feel neither cold nor damp. She took off her wet clothes and dressed herself for dinner in fear and trembling, imagining that her absence would have been wondered at, and her errand would be questioned. It was an infinite relief when she went down to the drawing-room to find only Allegra sitting at her easel, working at a sepiaketch by lamplight.

"Martin is very late," she said, looking up as Isola entered, "and he is generally a model of punctuality. I hope there is nothing wrong."

"Canada for the Canadians."

"Canada for the Canadians." That is a good cry! You can build up good citizens, good ships and railways, and great commercial prosperity upon that cry.

Some people think if a thing only comes to them from a great distance it must be better than the same thing at home. Distance fosters illusions. The truth that a prophet hath no honor in his own country still has application. Berlin, or London, or Paris, sounds so much grander than Montreal. So some people think! Not sensible people! Foolish people who think that big names make the thing better and lend dignity to their position.

Common sense will have ultimate triumph. Common sense has achieved a signal victory in one particular. Ladies' Wraps were always expensive. They have always been imported. The duty and the glamor of distance, and the imposing sound of big cities, gave them a high price and a great vogue.

Why not make Ladies' Wraps here in Canada? That thought occurred to the proprietors of MELISSA. They should, perhaps, have been seized with it earlier, for their success with the Men's Coats had been immediate and great. Would the loyal women of Canada not buy an article which was a necessity with them, made right at their doors, if that article was a good deal better than the article which came from a long distance?

It was an experiment, but from the moment the skilled artists which the manufacturers of MELISSA employed got to work, and showed specimens of their craft, success was assured.

So then, ladies in every city and town and village of the Dominion, you can buy wraps for yourselves and children, more tasteful, more truly artistic in finish, more stylish and fastidious in outline than any that have been imported.

There was a need for the MELISSA in Ladies' Wraps. They had to put up with unsightly rubber garments, much to their discomfort, but they have now perfect fit, with infinite variety of shade and grace, and, not least, absolute protection from the rain, in garments which it will be a pride to wear, and at prices which put them within easy reach.

Here is a new departure, a patriotic enterprise worthy of support for the sake of that national solidarity which the politicians talk about, but chiefly worthy because of its intrinsic merit.

Travellers will soon be on the road with Fall samples. Designs, Patterns and every other information furnished on application. Special attention given to letter orders.

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Wholesale Agents for the Dominion.

Where have you been hiding yourself since lunch, Isola? Have you been lying down?"

"Yes, part of the time," hesitatingly. "Is it very late?"

"Twenty minutes to nine. Dale has been in twice in the last quarter of an hour to say that the dinner is being spoilt. Hark! There's the door, and Martin's step. Thank God, it's all right!" cried Allegra, getting up and going out to meet her brother.

Colonel Disney's countenance as he stood in the lamplight was not so reassuring as the substantial fact of his return. It was something to know that he was not dead, or hurt in any desperate way—victim of any of those various accidents which the morbid mind of woman can imagine if husband or kinsman be unwontedly late for dinner; but that things were all right with him was open to question. He was ghastly pale, and had a troubled, half-distracted expression which scared Allegra almost as much as his prolonged absence had done.

"I am sure there is something wrong," she said, when dinner was over and the servants had left the room.

"Oh, no, there is nothing particularly amiss. I have been worried a little, that's all. I am very sorry to be so unconsciously late for dinner, and to sit down in this unkempt condition. But I loitered at the club looking at the London papers. I shall have to go to London to-morrow, Isola—on business—and I want you to go with me. Have you any objection?"

She started at the word London, and looked at him curiously—surprised, yet resolute—as if she were not altogether unprepared for some startling proposition on his part.

"Of course not. I would rather go with you, if you really have occasion to go."

"I really have; it is very important. You won't mind our deserting you for three or four days, will you, Allegra?" asked Disney, turning to his sister. "Mrs. Bayham will be at your service as chaperon if you want to go out anywhere while we are away. It is an office in which she delights."

"I won't trouble her. I shall stay at home and paint all the time. I have a lot of work to do to my pictures before they will be ready for the winter exhibition, and the time for sending in is drawing dreadfully near. You need have no anxiety as to my gadding about, Martin. You will find me shut up in my painting room, come home when you will."

Later, when she and her brother were alone in the drawing-room, she went up to him softly and put her arms round his neck.

"Martin, dearest, I know you have some great trouble. Why don't you tell me? Is it anything very bad? Does it mean loss of fortune; poverty to be faced; this pretty home to be given up, perhaps?"

"No, no, no, my dear. The home is safe enough; the house will stand firm as long as you and I live. I am not a shilling poorer than I was yesterday. There is nothing the matter—nothing worth speaking about; blue devils, vapors if you like. That's all."

"You are ill, Martin. You have found out some secret illness—heart, lungs, something—and you are going to London to consult a physician. Oh, my dear, dear brother," she cried, with a look of agony, her arms still clasped about his neck, "don't keep me in the dark; let me know the worst."

"There is no worst, Allegra; don't tell me there is nothing. I am out of sorts, that's all. I am going to town to see my lawyer, and if you like I'll see my father's old doctor—the oracle we all believed in—a white-haired oracle now, venerable as the oaks of Dodona."

(To be Continued.)

THE GRIM REAPER AGAIN DEFEATED

A Resident of Heckston, Ont., Says: "My Friends Thought I Was Going to Die."

A WONDERFUL VICTORY!

HOPE! HOPE! HOPE!

Cheer Up, Cast Down and Despairing Soul

Disease and death again meet with defeat. The victory is a grand and decisive one, and ever will be remembered by the saved one. Mr. John Irvine of Heckston, Ont., a well known and esteemed farmer, sends us the following account of his rescue from the grave. He says he cannot say sufficient in favor of Paine's Celery Compound, the wonderful life restorer. Mr. Irvine writes as follows:



JOHN IRVINE.

"Three years ago I had a severe attack of 'La Grippe,' which left me in a weak and very debilitated condition. The next autumn I had another attack which left me in a very bad state. My health was nearly wrecked, I had no strength, and felt tired all the time. I was so weak that my legs would not support my body, and I have often fallen to the ground when trying to attend to my work both in the field and in my barn; and would be compelled to lie wherever I had fallen until I could muster sufficient strength to rise."

"My appetite was all gone; and when I would try to eat, in order to gain strength, I would suffer untold misery for hours. It seemed to me that I was slowly starving to death."

"I tried different doctors, but did not derive any benefit from their treatment. My friends thought I was going to die, and I verily believe I would have died had I not tried your Paine's Celery Compound. I bought six bottles, and can conscientiously say I received more benefit from it than I ever dreamed of; it was worth more to me than one hundred dollars worth of medicines from the doctors. I began to improve in health before I had finished the first bottle; and to-day I am completely restored to health. I can do as good a day's work as I ever could, and can now eat any kind of food without experiencing trouble afterwards; and can sleep as well as when I was a boy."

"I have not had to use any of the Compound for months, which convinces me that the cure is permanent. I feel it my duty to let every sufferer know what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me, and it seems impossible for me to say all I should in its favor. My wife, who has been a sufferer for years with chronic rheumatism, was greatly benefited by the use of your medicine. I send you this testimony unsolicited."

Yours respectfully,
JOHN IRVINE.

On Guard.

"Tom," she whispered, nestling on his shoulder, "have you found your ideal?"

"Well, if I haven't," was his guarded answer, "I've found a mighty good substitute."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

HIDE.—My dear little woman, wait a while. Neither your character nor your writing is developed.

CAPT. NI MO.—Your head is level, my son, on the question you discuss, but your writing is not suitable for a study.

HOP AND GO FORTH IT.—I cannot repeat a delineation for you. I am sorry you asked me, for I don't like to refuse, but it is not fair to many who have already waited several months.

KNOWLEDGE.—Your writing shows refinement, ability, culture, self-control, some idealism, excellent constancy, some tact, rather a touch of pride. The writing of a lady who has a mind of her own.

PANOR.—Abundant energy, great social instincts, rather clever turn of mind, strong affection, and perseverance enough to lead to success. You have caution by fits and starts, and I think it will improve. It is hardly fair to call this a delineation, as your writing is not formed.

ROCHER.—That is what I believe your signature to be. You are clever, hopeful, self-reliant, brave and sweet-tempered, with snap and energy enough to keep you interesting; vivacious, warm affection and some idealism are shown. I am sure you are a charming person. I don't think Floss has sufficiently developed to be a good study.

T. H. M.—This is not a markedly original hand. Perhaps his traits are marred by the study being a quotation. I am not sure. A generous, practical, amiable nature, determined, social and truthful. Writer is not very emotional, a little too easy-going and slightly careless, fond of romance, but not liable to let her heart ever get the better of her head.

REMARKS.—You are original, impulsive, very self-reliant and yet prone to be influenced, have some desire for effect, very erratic impulse, extreme warmth of feeling, light but consistent effort, refined taste, are rather impatient of delay (I hope you can believe I have not kept you waiting on purpose), have some tact, love of beauty and art, a discreet and very sensitive nature.

STITCHES.—What a coward you are! Surely you can stand a delineation. You are outgoing, very impatient, rather apt to express your feelings unwisely, but a forceful and original personage, affectionate, sensitive, fond of praise, of good performance and, in your own way, clever. Some repression and self-control would be good for you. Your lines are so dashing and lively that I quite like you.

CURIOUS.—I am not a splinter—far from it; and I only prefer men's studies because they are more forceful and individual and easier to read and delineate. I am very glad you don't believe in my work, because, in that case, it would be a waste of time and trouble to give you a delineation. Bye-bye! Perhaps you will write in a more ingratiating strain next time. This time, you see, rudeness does not pay.

METCALVE.—This is a man's study, which I enjoy reading, and, as my correspondent, Curious, remarks, prefer to delineate. The writer is a witty, buoyant and thoroughly alive fellow, frank but discreet, of warm feeling, fond of comfort and generous, sometimes careless of appearances, of excellent reasoning power and good sequence of ideas, remarkably persistent in effort and very good-tempered, with very rare fits of obstinacy, a little inconstant and fond of novelty.

MIRIAM'S MAIDEN.—My name is not Kit. Why shouldn't a girl of sixteen have all the gentleman friends she can make, and lady friends as well? If you mean is a girl of sixteen too young to have admirers and lovers, I should say it depends a good deal on circumstances. Our grandmothers sometimes married at that age. Thank you very much for your good wishes. Your writing is very formed for a girl of sixteen, but I never delineate writing from so young a subject. I am sure you would not be pleased with us if I did.

CHERRY.—You are quite right, Cherry; I should never send anyone, if I could avoid it. It gives me no satisfaction. You certainly don't deserve anything but kind and gentle treatment. Your writing is by no means dreadful; it has only a few undesirable traits, and is full of good ones. Let me tell you some of them: You are

bright and good-tempered, very careful, constant and reliable, truthful and candid. Some love of fun, good self-esteem, generosity and tact are shown; also desire for approbation. Your weaknesses—which, by the way, time is sure to cure—are self-consciousness and unequal judgment. I am sure you are lovable.

TOM NOY.—I did not wish you had never been born, but I wish you'd get up early and gather in the loose ends of your chirography. You are, however, not a bad sort, and your faults will no doubt turn to virtues as you consolidate. You are a frank, free and good-tempered person, inconstant, and fond of novelty; not the least bit discreet in speech, very persistent when you set your heart on something, but otherwise somewhat careless. A very crude but not unattractive study.

AMOR.—I hope that you will not miss your answer, my dear; also, may I hope that you will not again follow the advice of anyone to not write foolish nonsense. I have altogether forgotten your former letter, as you can quite believe, seeing I have gone over several hundreds since. You don't know how pleased I was to hear more of you. Certainly I shall not forget you any more, and I hope you will always ask me for anything I can supply. 2. Your writing shows a very undisciplined and erratic, but not unreasonable, character. You are frank, but not quite reliable, earnest, but rather impatient of delay, somewhat careless of details, but at the same time wishing for perfection.

BETTY BURROW.—Had you not erased the signature of the study you enclosed I should have been able to give you a delineation from it alone. The writer is very emotional and lacking self-control, but can appear cold and desire anyone but a close observer. He is fond of ease, slightly selfish and of excellent energy; somewhat depending on social intercourse and of rather a chatty habit; not quite frank, and fond of planning great things; somewhat persistent, self-reliant, determined and rather easy-tempered; large hopes and some ambition are shown. 2. Your own writing is generous, truthful, adaptable, original and rather idealistic; a pleasant manner and a generally well marked individuality are shown.

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(Tasteless—Effectual.)
For Sick-Headache, Impaired Digestion, Liver Disorders and Female Ailments.
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To advertise and introduce their new clock they have sent to every county or town, one of these charming and attractive instruments to show, if applied for at once. Address: Inventor, 28 West 21st Street, New York City and get one with full particulars, testimonials, etc.

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are used in the preparation of
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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND S. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama.

WHEN it was first announced that Corbett, the champion pugilist of the world, was to appear at the Academy of Music with prices put at a higher notch than any of the famous actors who have been here all season had dared to put them, I thought it a sad commentary on popular sentiment. So now I apologize for the unjust thoughts that came to me in regard to Toronto people. This city has done itself proud, by proving that the slugger is not prized above the great actor, for the Academy was practically an empty house on Tuesday evening. I never saw in a Toronto theater such a vast and unbroken expanse of empty seats. Half those who were there were admitted free. It is creditable to this city that a pugilist should fall to draw a house in competition with Seidl and Juch, the Harmony Club and the Hecker Children. When the prices were reduced for the two performances of Wednesday, better houses turned out.

A morning paper says that everyone was disappointed in Corbett. It was a pleasant disappointment. We have seen Sullivan and Mitchell, and all the plug-uglies of the ring, and people could not realize that the tall, graceful and gentlemanly-looking fellow in fashionable dress was the champion heavy-weight of the world. Had he been introduced as the champion ten-mile walker or the champion baseball pitcher, we would have felt that he looked it, every inch of him. But when one compared him with the massive, porcine, scowling Sullivan, he was non-plused. From his first appearance on the stage until the curtain finally fell, his every word and action conveyed the impression of an intelligent gentleman of some education, of considerate feelings and accustomed to good society. Corbett is a man with a chance. He looks the gentleman and knows what a gentleman should be; his friends claim, and those who see him will credit it, that he has good antecedents, therefore let him preserve his respectability and glorify pugilism with a gleam of good breeding. In the play Alice Saunders asks him if he can be a prize-fighter and still be a gentleman, and he replies that he can, for his heart is right. Out of the play let him keep his heart and his life right and his name will long live as that of a respectable man who overthrew those who were at once the idols and the product of black-guardism, demonstrating that decent living is not incompatible with physical courage and muscle.

A man of ready intelligence, Corbett made a very good attempt at acting. The play is the clumsiest kind of a thing, constructed so as to give him opportunities to defend the weak and pose as a magnanimous hero; but he has a keen comprehension of events and makes the most of his chances. Sullivan on the stage was something of a lay figure, saying about fifty words on such evenings as he felt particularly clear-headed, and skipping half of them at other times. But Corbett has a very heavy part and is on the boards almost constantly. As regards the champion's prospects of holding the championship I am no judge, although I would be very glad to hear of him vanquishing Mitchell, Jackson and Smith if he meets them. If prize-fighting must continue I am sure all decent people would prefer that this comparatively decent person should prevail over the typical animal who swaggers around the prize-ring claiming to be "the best man in the world." Why cannot a man of good morals and clean life go down among these low brawlers and punch them one by one all around a sixteen-foot ring for the glory of good morals and the gate receipts? The money secured would be restored to respectable channels, and young men endowed with muscle would no longer feel that such equipment proved them predestined for evil ways. For those who admire boxing it may be added that Corbett's strength lies in his reach and, particularly, in his speed of hand and agility of foot, which equal that of any light-weight. He is lithe as a cat in body and his head shoots about like lightning and cannot be hit. In dodging he surpasses even Mitchell.

Grenville P. Kleiser is certainly fulfilling his promise to give his patrons a series of high-class entertainments. Frank Lincoln, who appears next Tuesday evening in the Pavilion, as the fourth number in the Star Course, comes to Toronto with an unquestionable prestige. John Ruskin wrote to him thus: "I am indebted to you for an evening of intellectual fun." Mr. Lincoln's programme will be as follows:

1. A Characteristic of National Honor.
2. Musical Memories.
3. Peculiar Orators.
4. Voice of the Night.

The plan of seats is filling up rapidly at Nordheimer's.

Mr. Owen A. Smily, the popular young elocutionist, has returned from a trip west to Detroit and towns en route, his readings being the chief feature at the Sherbourne street Methodist concert and recital on Good Friday evening.

A Kentucky Girl will be on at Jacobs &

Sparrow's next week. The scene is laid in the Kentucky mountains and the plot is thrilling.

The Danish Warblers, Dagmar and Decelle, who were at the Academy with Corbett's company this week, won much favorable comment by their singing.

Barlow Bros' Minstrels are at the Academy for the close of the week. On Monday night The Leavenworth Case will be presented.

At the Grand next week one of Charles Frohman's companies will present the new comedy, Gloriana.

Two artists whose performances hardly received the notice which they merited, were Mr. and Mrs. Rouclere, who were at Moore's Musee last week. Of Mr. Rouclere as a juggler and prestidigitateur I shall say but little; his performance was neat, artistic and clever. As a psychotist and mental telegrapher, in which he is assisted by his wife, I do not think that his equal has ever been seen in Toronto. The former may be briefly described as follows. Mrs. Rouclere is blindfolded and mesmerized by her husband, who then descends among the audience, where he makes several requests among the members for toots in tones so low that they certainly never reach Mrs. Rouclere. Handkerchiefs, watches and rings were interchanged among those present and in each case Mrs. Rouclere, who is blindfolded, returned them to their original owners. In one performance Mrs. Rouclere, who remains under the mesmeric influence throughout, complied with fifteen requests the conditions of which were conveyed to her by her husband in some unseen manner. The performance has to be seen to be properly appreciated, and I am afraid that my description conveys a very inadequate idea of its character. The performance in mental telegraphy was wonderfully rapid. No sooner had Mr. Rouclere glanced at the articles which were shown to him than his wife, who in this case remained on the stage, blindfolded as before, described on the blackboard which Mrs. Rouclere added up, and then named every figure I touched. There was no physical communication between her husband and herself, as I stood between them. Whatever theory people may entertain concerning the nature of these performances and how they are done, all who have witnessed them agree in admitting their extreme cleverness. I might add in conclusion that Mrs. Rouclere has an extraordinary memory. It is on authentic record that she read Hiawatha twice over and then repeated it from beginning to end.

The comedy sensational drama, The Dago, is one of the best things that have been seen at Jacobs and Sparrow's this season. In my opinion it eclipses every play with the exception of McFee of Dublin. The plot is exceedingly simple. A little child stands between a clever, scheming woman and a large fortune, and the adventures has the child kidnapped and attempts to murder it, together with its father and the man who helped her. Out of these simple materials the author has composed a strong, clean and interesting drama with enough of the comic element intermingled to render the piece diverting. Although the scene in which the conflagration is depicted is far away the most realistic picture that I have witnessed in the house this year, the whole play really depends but little upon scenic effects. Its power to interest the audience is entirely based upon the merits of the play and the excellence of the strong, evenly balanced company which the Carrolls have gathered around them. The three actors, R. M., Edwin H., and Richard T. Carroll in their respective characters of the Dago, Lafferty the Irishman, and Old Sponge the Tramp, are excellent, both in representation and conception, and they are well backed up by the other male members of the company. Minnie Brown, who plays Mabel Morton, has the advantage of possessing both a fascinating exterior and considerable histrionic talent, but I think that the author of the play is at fault when he makes her quell before the Dago in the last act, as it is completely at variance with the character she represents throughout the piece. Inflexibility, cruelty, thorough heartlessness and lack of principle, these are the attributes of her character and the element of fear should not have been introduced. Blanche Howard as Anita Morrell enlisted the sympathy of the audience by the hopelessly desperate position in which she is placed. Married to a man she despises and who hates her, as a criminal brute always hates the woman he cannot drag down to his own level, in love with the father of the kidnapped child for whose sake she braves the dangerous anger of the Dago, here is truly a miserable lot. Blanche Howard acquits herself well in her role, though at times she is hardly volcanic enough for a daughter of sunny Italy. Nellie Lawrence gives a good representation of an Irish servant girl, but is not always sufficiently Hibernian.

The curio hall of Moore's Musee does not boast many attractions this week. They are only two in number, a blind man who plays drafts with singular skill, and a troupe of "varments," better known as coyotes, which go through the manoeuvres familiar to all who have witnessed the performances of trained animals. For my part, I do not care for such shows unless I am sure that the whip is not the chief means by which their knowledge is imparted to them. I prefer watching the monkeys, which are a never failing source of interest. Baby Rooney appears to possess as many attractive qualities as most children of his age; that is to say, that when he is not asleep he twists his face, which has far more expression than any baby's of two weeks, into about fifty hard knots, or utters sounds which in the Simian tongue doubtless mean, ma and pa, and which give great delight to his mother. I notice that Mr. Rooney does not trouble himself much about his off-spring. I suppose the young one is not old enough to spank, while Mrs. Rooney does not trust her baby upon the notice of everyone who calls to see her; on the contrary, she guards it jealously. I heartily commend her wisdom. The baby, however, is a great source of anxiety to Jenny, the old maid in the next cage, who is yearning to know it and gush

over it, her own orphan charges in her cage being somewhat too big and restless for coddling. I saw one play a trick upon her that was human in its premeditated mischief. Jenny was lying down on the floor, so one young imp—whose ancestor in days gone by was, without doubt, the progenitor of that race whose representative in modern times was Peck's bad boy—possessed himself of a tin cup, climbed up to the top of the cage and dropped it upon Jenny, who, after a hard chase, caught the offender, cuffed him, and kept him in duress vile for a long time. After all, there is a great deal of human nature in a beast. N.B. This remark is original and patented. Vic. Reg., vol. 10, chap. 2. Down in the theater there is a somewhat longer list of attractions than usual, comprising singing, dancing, w're walking, fire eating and contortionist acts.

D. G.

Some Trolley Squibs.

THERE were two bells upon the back of a trolley car, and said car being laid up for the night, they were taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the absence of humans to indulge in a brief exchange of remarks.

"Clangwhack," said the bell upon the right, "can you tell me why the ladies always ring the wrong bell when they wish the car to stop?"

"No, friend Brassbang, the question is beyond me," answered Clangwhack. "Why do they?"

"Because," said the first speaker, with a metallic chuckle, "because they do not know the ropes."

"One on my friend Brassbang," remarked the other, joining gently in the laugh, "but here's getting back at you. How does the electricity find its way from the overhead wire to the motor attachment?"

"An easy one, that, Clangwhack, an easy one," replied the jovial Brassbang. "It goes through the conductor."

"Why, that would produce bad results, for if it went through the conductor it would do him up," said Clang.

"Him!" exclaimed the other. "I did not refer to that conductor, but to the one that collects the electricity and charges the batteries."

"Oh!" replied Clang, with a laugh that made his clapper rattle. "I thought you were speaking of the one that collects the fares and charges the passengers."

"Good enough, that makes us even," said Brassbang. "But I am not silenced yet, for even he must possess considerable electricity. He threw out two sparks this morning."

"How so?"

"Why, those two dudes that were annoying the young lady who sat in the corner so much that she complained to him. Did you not see them ejected?"

"True, Brassbang, you score again, and now I bethink me, did he not say to the fresh young man who tried to work the transfer racket that anyone who touched him (for a free ride) would feel a shock?"

At this juncture the night-watchman came up to see what made the bells jingle so, and the two friends in their efforts to suppress their mirth cracked their sides and were condemned next day as useless.

UNCLE ARTIE.

A Consoling Thought.

At 6.30 p.m. Jones is standing on the street corner. He is looking for someone. It is evident from the anxious look in his eye that he needs someone badly. But Jones is a haughty man; he cannot pour out his soul to a mere stranger. Here is Backwater, who moved next door to Jones last week. They haven't spoken before, but—never mind, he will do.

"I suppose," says Jones confidentially, "that there isn't a bigger fool than I am in town."

Great surprise and dissent on the part of Backwater.

"No," continues Jones, with increasing enjoyment, "I don't suppose there is."

Wonderful how much less a fool you feel after telling someone.

"I was coming home last night, when I met a little boy crying. Said he couldn't go home till he got a quarter. Now, I never give money on the street."

Jones paused and looked Backwater in the eye. He wished him to understand that there was nothing soft or sentimental about him.

"You gave him the quarter," exclaimed Backwater with certainty.

"I gave him the quarter," replied Jones with malignant self-reproach, "but I took his name and address and a receipt for it. He was to come and work it out to-day."

"He didn't come," chanted Backwater with the voice of the autumn wind.

"Oh, no, he didn't come," replied Jones.

Now, what kind of a man was Backwater?

"That's nothing," he asserted boldly. "Last week a boy came to our office. He'd been all through the building and came to us last. I found out afterwards. Wanted five cents to set him up in papers. Nice-looking little chap. Too busy to think, told him I'd nothing but a five dollar bill. Oh, he'd got change. Gave it to him."

"You did!" said Jones breathlessly.

"About five o'clock said to my stenographer that the boy was a long time getting back with the change. He never got back."

"Never got back, never got back!" cried Jones with mournful face.

Backwater was a noble man, a man after the heart of Jones. He loved him ever after. On the Queen's birthday the Jones and Backwater families have picnics together in High Park.

PENNY.

How to Entertain a Guest.

First of all you must, of course, get him. This isn't a difficult thing; there is nearly always some fellow who wants a holiday, and it's ten to one if you wish for a visitor you'll find him, however limited your acquaintance is. Name a day for him to come; it's a mistake to issue general invitations unless you are fond of surprise parties. Don't feel put out if at the last moment your friend telegraphs to say he's bringing his wife and child with him, as "they need change of air after having scarlet fever." Remember, it isn't every place they'd feel intimate enough to come to on such

short notice. Don't let any anxiety as to your own children interfere with your hospitality. Make them all feel perfectly at home, or as if your house was their hotel. You ought to enquire on his, or rather their, arrival, what hour they like their breakfast. If the man says "Seven o'clock," don't argue the matter, get up and oblige him and start your family on a career that will make you all healthy, wealthy and wise. If his wife prefers hers in bed, let your wife take it up to her; the absence of the child's mother from the table will probably make you congratulate yourself on the superior manners of your own olive branches. Should your servants complain that the usual ways of the house are upset by extra work, etc., that is of no importance to the guest. Remember that when people visit you, at worst it is only a temporary infliction; don't count time, it's only mothers-in-law that stay for a year. If your friend insists on accompanying you to your place of business, and on seeing how you "work it," confide in him as a partner of the firm. Should any of your customers or clients seem to object to his presence when talking over private affairs, tell them "to call round in a day or two." That will probably give your friend the impression that you are over-run with work.

You will naturally get a carriage and drive your visitors about and buy theater tickets, and treat them to the best of everything, regardless of expense or what you can afford. There'll be plenty of time for economy after they leave you. Place your house, your family, your purse, and yourself at the disposal of your guests, and mark my words, you'll be a happy man—when they're gone.

When you return to your home you may be conscious of there being a good deal of room in the house, but you won't quarrel with that. Like the vacuum experienced after a visit to the dentist, it'll be such a blessed relief. Don't grumble because you have to pay for it; it isn't everybody who can get something for nothing in this world, and truly it is more blessed to visit than to be visited.

J. M. LOES.

The Latest Improved System

THE students' reading-room up at the Law School is heated by what is represented to be the latest improved system. It is understood that the man who got drunk and evolved the idea, shortly afterwards died from a disease which forms the ruling characteristic of his prodigy, namely, wind on the stomach. An innocent-looking grating about half-way up the wall is the muzzle of the piece, while immediately below it is the trigger in the shape of a crank. Hit the trigger and out of the muzzle bulges with a whizz and sizzle a blast which evidently comes straight from the bosom of the home of blazes. Law students are jocularly spoken of as the "devil's own," but it is understood that this is merely in a figurative sense, and when Satan really sneezes at them it doesn't take them long to amend their "statement of claims." Wind up the crank with all the speed you may, but be careful, for if you happen to give it an extra yank, out snorts with a howl a back-number two-year-old blizzard which has evidently been rammed home with the big end of the North Pole. There is rime on the boys' mustaches almost before the smell of burning hair has evaporated. The most satisfactory way to adjust the weapon is to balance it in the middle, which allows it to discharge alternately chills with a rumble, and fever with a click. It is true that this arrangement puts the temperature anywhere between that of a root house and a brick kiln. But what would you have? If a fellow feels too hot he can stand around in front of it and dodge the blasts, or if too cold, the blizzards. This exercise, besides putting him in a good temper, is conducive to the cultivation of agility and a graceful and easy carriage. The only places where you are comparatively safe from the draughts are the corners of the room, in which a man by bracing himself against the wall and keeping his mouth shut can generally prevent loosening of the teeth from setting in. It is understood that the benches have been petitioned to have the walls made saw-shaped in order to supply the demand for corners.

It would be a pity to profane this page with a "legal opinion" of this "latest improved system." There are several third year men who have been using the room for the last few months, who from their greater command of the dead languages are much better qualified to deal with the subject than the writer (who is a man of peace). These would doubtless give their unqualified opinion on payment of a reasonable fee. There is no doubt, however, that a sufficient number of volunteers could be gathered to hold any relatives of the inventor under the nozzle of the invention long enough to cause the family to become ex'inct.

G. J. A.

His Opportunity.

"Yes," said the convivial-looking man, "there's a terrible sight of truth in what the poet says about everyone havin' an opportunity to get rich at some time or other in his life. Now, I had a mighty good opportunity once."

"What was that?" asked the red-faced sportsman.

"I met an old feller in a city where I was, who was on a big drunk. He was richer'n mud 'n was blowin' in his stuff to beat the band. I kinder trained with him for a day or two, and then one afternoon he went off into the blindest fit of the Jerrys you ever see. He seen all kinds of things. I took him to a hotel an' nursed an' tended him like he was my father."

"When he got well I found out he was a big miller from out West. He called me inter his room one day, jus' afore he was goin' home, an' handed me a paper. It began: 'In consideration of \$1 in hand paid an' other good an' valuable considerations,' an' went on to say the ol' feller giv' me 2,000 barrels of flour. Flour was worth \$10 a barrel them days, an' that would have made a mighty good stake for me. But I didn't get it."

"Why?" asked the red-faced sportsman.

"Didn't have the dollar," replied the convivial-looking man sadly.—Buffalo Express.

Old Friends.

For Saturday Night.
You comin' here to-day, Bill, recalls our boyhood days, When you and I together played—with Ebenezer Hayes. Now, don't you mind the time, Bill, when we both run away? We slept all night in Brown's barn, and hid there all next day.

I think I see yer dad, Bill, a-callin' of us back; You strikin' down the side-line, me runnin' down the track. Then how we jumped aboard the train and couldn't pay our ride.

And when the railroad put us off, I got busted out and orled. Yes, Bill, we'd lots of fun then—when you and I was boys. I often wondered how y'd been, in sorrows or in joys. But ye say how luck's been with you, and how you've grown rich.

While I've been jist the opposite, for wealth and I don't hick.

But, Bill, I'm glad you come—glad you come this way. Yes, Mary's dead and in her grave; I laid her there one day. This little chap's the only one—the rest are cold and still. P'raps you'll be insulted, but, old chum, we called him Bill.

Not angry, eh? Well, Bill, I'm glad I thought as how you'd like him when once you'd seen the lad.

But set him down, Bill—yet he kinder wants to stay; He's no sister now or brother, and misses all their play.

I see you drop a tear, Bill. I know jist what it's for, That picture hangin' on the wall; ye once was fond of her. But that's all over long ago; it drove us far apart. Sometimes I've often wonder'd if it hadn't broke her heart.

For I was mostly rough like, while you was slick and clean, And allus seemed more like her sort than I ever been. I used ter kick p'raps 'twas spite—this's memories been the way.

But never once in all her life a word she'd ever say. Yes, Bill, I'll shake yer hand ag'in. It does me good to see That still there lingers in yer heart a big warm place for me.

It's many years ago, Bill, since we were boys together. Your life's been spent in sunshine, while mine's been cloudy weather.

I've traveled o'er life's roughest roads; my hairs are turnin' gray.

I robbed you of yer love, Bill, when she was young and gay. But, Bill, in memory of the one who sleeps on yonder hill, Let's both forget, and you'll forgive. Say, won't you, old friend Bill?

TOM HUNTER.

Old Jack.

For Saturday Night.
Ten years since we parted in grief and regret, Ten years since we parted—ten years till we met— In travel and action he'd passed from my mind As the vapors of morning are chased by the wind. And little I thought on a desolate rock On the shores of Superior I'd meet with old Jack!

The world is but small and how often we meet The friends of old years in the chert—on the street— How gladly we hail them, and talk of the time When as boys we were friends in our own native clime. What visions reopen! What memories flock Like Perle long prison'd—I found so with Jack!

A bare twenty minutes—the whistle blew shrill From the deck of the steamer—each valley and hill Gave an answering echo—one grasp of the hand Right friendly and firm, and we passed from the land; For distance and duty are demons that mock At meetings and partings like mine with old Jack.

F. M. DELA FOSSA.

Tit For Tat.

For Saturday Night.
"Please criticize," I did. She was my friend; I loved her as the spring-bird loves the dew, Could scarce see wrong in anything she'd do. Yet there was one fault here she could amend; I showed her how, but careful was to send A dozen words of praise, which well I knew She merited, and yet were no less true The words of dispraise which with them did blend.

Quick as a flash came back the hot reply— "If I'm so full of faults, I'd like to know Are you perfection? I'm as good as you!" Did I deserve them? Does she sometimes sigh As she recalls them? That was years ago. And we, who might be one, alas! are two.

J. SMITH.

Aspiria.

Breathe, mountain wind—thou breath of God! The plain is hot below; The petals of the fainting rose Fall like a scented snow.

Come! from the cedar heights and towers Of glorious Lebanon; Till lifts lift their languid cheeks, Still amorous of the sun.

Breathe, wind of God—thou south wind blow! The frost hath fall'n a-maine; Breathe quickly, or our flowering hopes By the keen north are slain!

Thy breath of balm, O Spirit sweet, Bring summer to my soul! Then like a bird my bosom sings When Love hath made me whole.

Then, as the spiny odors flow From every bloom abroad, O'er desert fields my life shall go, Warm-sweetened by my God.

Blow, mountain freshness!—downward blow, Where spits languish'd life; Wind of the south, O softly blow, Till brumal shadows fly!

Then, like the rose o'er hills of balm, Our souls shall homeward move, And summer in that glorious clime Of the Eternal Love.

—Parson Felix, in the Critic.

The Kiss of Children.

No thought or sense unsatisfied The kiss of little children brings, No after-taste of bitter things, No fearful prayer for peace denied; No shadow of remorse's wings, No sense of fallen worth and pride, No feverish search of Luth's side— But from their lips contentment springs.

The kiss of little children wakes The hopes of endless better things; It stirs our hearts till memory sings Of our lost innocence and takes Us by the hand— that childlike clings To here—along her path, and makes Us nobler for the truth, that breaks The dream the kiss of children brings.

—Charles Gordon Rogers in New England Magazine.

A Discerning Antiquary.

She—the punch-bowl—is an heirloom in my family. During the revolution my ancestor was hid with it in a chimney while the British searched the house for two days. He—it must have been one of their most valued possessions if they took all that trouble to recover it.

Two to One.

Mr. Zanders—Fo' d' great Lawd's sake, Clindy! 'Rastus's gittin' horns growin' out on his hind.

'Rastus—No, I ain't. Dem Hollyway twins gub me a lickin' aftah school.

A where I sat what made radiance of faces of olden times into young and sedately balmy, boys responsible for light, the fig. It was a love to be there, to. Someth thought of tears that m gloomy, but for them, an saries depen ceas or their tions.

Our parson that day, in a personal and a tall, an those poor pen ted of sh ment wear a laugh in ch was too I laughed I age should know if Luc clearst idee believing the angel in the in form as pe guard again and would c fright, disto and Intellig and subtle, w ful, with con canning to c perseverance who drives m him, to the That is the wife's pity, w him! There brutish effigy glorious, ver heaven born hate and de imagine and

As I jour Monday, quist jostled again bald-headed stray from the who was the saw. He beg Roe, and pick news-agent's read two pap a few more ronto, beac and instruo I wonder did all this, or columns to k a hat dampen a-vis to the r was a good b ever substant bad boy of y shins, and g his grimy bo and rapped down my um ting out his t me. Even m member that inviting the bicycle, drive The bad boy see he was tongue and c last signified my hour cam come, nor we him. I also t he was, and g general. He tongue out, b done and rou made a dash glare at me c

Don't you l always go by having that aboard little loose lid, tea-cup, whe comb Riley and nolan anywhere elation at once, you that " and the broll I am very p doing bacon, apologetic re half of the w does, and he tea-cups, and the waiter s say yes. Th tea and baco always my Tea on the tr

And then nothing left for holidays Bless me! I that basket? the heaviest full of lov basket which and which and prompt express age for it is an hundred wou would scare and butter t

Between You and Me.

ANNIVERSARIES are entirely dependent on circumstances for their brightness, are they not? I wondered, on Easter Sunday morning, as I sat in the old place, in the old choir, in the old church, where I sat just ten years ago that Easter day, what made me so happy! A gentle, quiet radiance of good-will and contentment, kindly faces of old friends, over whose whitening brows time was gently laying his frost-print; faces of young friends, grown from childhood into young man and womanhood, girls married and sedately marching in with husband and bairns, boys grown past prankish years into responsible voters, and over all of them a rosy light, the light of "auld lang syne" and Home! It was a lovely Easter and I was very content to be there, I cannot explain why, nor did I try to. Sometimes, during the pleasant day, I thought of clouds that were over others, of tears that must fall, and of an Easter that was gloomy, but my heart was too satisfied to ache for them, and as I began by saying, anniversaries depend on circumstances for their success or their failure as pleasure-giving institutions.

Our parson gave us a most startling sermon that day. He believes very circumstantially in a personal, orthodox devil, with horns, hoofs and a tail, and he advanced the assertion that those poor people whose misdeeds were unrepented of should in the eternities of punishment wear a like form! It is unadvisable to laugh in church, but the sudden picture was too much for my gravity, and I laughed! I wondered that anyone in this age should seriously depict such a devil. I know if Lucifer does look like that, one of my clearest ideals will go down. I cannot help believing that what was once the brightest angel in the bright and beautiful host is still in form as perfect; that the devil whom I must guard against, who knows my weak points and would compass my fall, is not an apish fright, distorted and deformed, but a perfect and intelligent being, with an intellect keen and subtle, with a voice persuasive and powerful, with consummate skill to deceive, and cunning to compel, with patience to wait and perseverance beyond belief. That is the devil who drives me, consciously unable to cope with him, to the only power that is his superior. That is the devil who evoked the canny Scotch wife's pity, when she longed to pray even for him! There is nothing awful enough in the brutish effigy with horns and tail, but in the glorious, revengeful, cruel angel, with his heaven-born beauty lit with the lurid fire of hate and despair and misery forever, I can imagine and fear a satisfactory devil!

As I journeyed home on the C. P. R. on Monday, quite a number of interesting people jostled against me. There was a bearded, bald-headed farming man (why did his hair stray from the crown of his head to his chin?) who was the most lightning reader I ever saw. He began and finished a novel by E. P. Roe, and picked out the fattest volume on the news-agent's arm as the next instalment. He read two papers, a number of *Lippincott's*, and a few more trifles, between London and Toronto, besides talking very intelligibly and instructively to all and sundry. I wonder did his mental digestion assimilate all this, or did he dash through all these columns to kill time? A gray-haired woman in a hat dumped two little muddy-shod boys *vis-a-vis* to the reading farmer and Lady Gay. One was a good boy, and the other was—well, whatever substantive you have handy for the worst bad boy of your acquaintance. He kicked my shins, and groped round my petticoats with his grimy boots, and expectorated emphatically, and rapped on the window, and knocked down my umbrella, and ended by calmly putting out his tongue to an appalling length at me. Even now my fingers tingle when I remember that boy! I ignored him, and began inviting the good boy to Toronto, to ride a bicycle, drive a small pony and go to the Musée. The bad boy pook-pooked the idea, but I could see he was feeling badly. He drew in his tongue and curled up his muddy feet, and at last signified his wish to also visit me. Then my hour came. I told him he should never come, nor were bicycles and ponies possible for him. I also told him with incisive truth what he was, and how he appeared to the world in general. He once or twice tried to put his tongue out, but he couldn't; he was utterly undone and routed. It was lovely! Finally he made a dash for the woman in the hat, and her glare at me completed my satisfaction.

Don't you love to have tea on the train? I always go by the C.P.R., just for the sake of having that cunning little table set up, and the absurd little table-cloth, and the tea-pot with the loose lid, that always falls into your tea-cup, when you "don't watch out," as Whitcomb Riley says. Everything is so crowded and noisy and altogether different from a meal anywhere else. The tea lurches in every direction at once, and the Saratoga potatoes remind you that "fingers were made before forks," and the broiled bacon is so beautifully crisped. I am very partial to the C. P. R. cook's way of doing bacon. Then the waiter murmurs an apologetic request that a gentleman may have half of the wee table, and you don't mind if he does, and he and you munch, and grab your tea-cups, and confess you feel better, and when the waiter suggests "jam" you very nearly say yes. The half dollar which the toast and tea and bacon and Saratoga chips demand is always my most cheerfully expended cash. Tea on the train is delightful!

And then you get safe home, and there is nothing left but a pleasant memory of the Easter holidays at the dear old home. Nothing! Bless me! I forgot the basket. Do you know that basket? The largest that money can buy, the heaviest that man can carry, that basket full of lovely things from home, that basket which you smuggle into the train, and which the crabbed conductor discovers and promptly fires out, and anon cometh an express agent and demandeth seventy cents, for it is an awful basket, and cheap at half a hundredweight. There are eggs in it, that would scare a puny Toronto hen to look at, and butter that smells of sweet hay and hasn't

a sniff of turnips or tub; and jelly, and jams, and sauces, and cordials and, no one can just say what all! I think this last basket was the Jumbo among baskets so far. I know it was the heaviest; I didn't dream of smuggling it in, for I knew the crabbed conductor, and I knew it would get stuck in the gangway, and concealment for one moment would be a dream! It is an aching void now—poor thing—and Mr. Gay and I don't know what to do with it. It would certainly do for another trip, but—well, we have some sense of the eternal fitness of things, and really, to arrive at the paternal threshold with that basket empty would seem rather too much of a suggestion, don't you think?

LADY GAY.

The Compact.

A Story of a Quiet Fight around the Corner, and the Terms of Capitulation.

BY MACK.

WHEN Clarence Cloverdale's people moved into town and settled next door to Dickey Dobson's folks, the latter's lively little heart fairly went mad for joy. Dickey was quite a figure among the boys of the town—the most out-and-out boy of them all. His pants were held on by means of one brace, and when he wanted to be dead sure of them, as for instance when he saw the preacher coming towards him, he would stuff his hands into his pockets, straighten his elbows and accept advice like a little man. Richard—the preacher who was the only person in the world who called Dickey by that name, and the urchin regarded it as a sort of religious exercise—was at once liked and feared by the good man, for he could not forget that the one memorable occasion when Richard evinced a phenomenal interest in the story of Samson, and kept him talking at the parsonage gate, he found that while he had been feeding the lad's thirst for knowledge other boys had entirely stripped a cherry tree behind the house. It may only have been a coincidence, but the good man never thought of Samson or saw Richard without the idea of cherries suggesting itself to him. Being a just man and fearing that his suspicions might be unfair to a bright boy, he never mentioned the subject to Dickey, but took all the more interest in him.

Dickey was a boy who took all the diseases that hard luck could trot out, met with all the accidents that he could get his dainty little body in the way of, and had still time to be the worst nuisance of any youngster in the whole town. He would climb upon the roof of a covered buggy standing in a shed, and when the rig started off would kick and screech until let down; he would take hold of the wheel of a wagon, bracing his feet against the felloes at one side and holding firmly to the spokes at the other, and revolve around as the wheel moved, screaming in real or feigned terror until the driver stopped, when he would tumble off and scamper over the nearest fence. He was the boldest spirit in the place and though voted a plague by all, he was admired.

Accomplished youth as he was, his many accomplishments were known to all the natives, and so with pleasure he welcomed the arrival of the Cloverdales with a boy of his own age whom he could dazzle with a gradual revelation of his performances. There are boys whose hair is whitened with age who vastly enjoy such a chance as presented itself to Dickey.

The two boys were on the lawns before their respective houses, and Dickey set to work to measure accomplishments with the new-comer. To lead Clarence on he began mildly by whistling through his fingers, but the new boy only looked at him in reply and sat down daintily on the door-step. Then he put his little finger in his mouth and whistled, then his middle finger, and one after another every finger he had about him, but his antagonist never so much as puckered a lip in the way of competition. Bound to shine and awaken some show of envy, Dickey now put both hands to his mouth and produced a hollow sound like a steamboat whistle. This generally called admiration from the most callous, for he was the only boy in town who could do it, but Long Curly in the next lot deigned not one look of interest, and Dickey was forced to conclude that the new boy not only could do nothing creditable himself but was unable to appreciate talent in another. However, to give him one more chance, and not having exhausted his bag of tricks, Dickey teetered over on his hands and walked back and forth, squinting through the fence to see if the other so much as responded with a weak and ineffectual hand-spring. But the new boy attempted no counter display and Dickey was mad. His ideas were somewhat of this order, although he did not bother putting them into organized form: Here's one of those girl-boys whose parents spoil them with kisses and scented soap, and white bibs and dolls; who are cuddled and hugged until they are "no good." His father said there were only two ways of preventing a boy who had anything in him

from developing into something—one way was for his parents to fondle all the spirit and fizz out of him, and the other way was to kill him on the spot and bury him deep. His Uncle Bill had added that no boy was healthy who didn't break an arm before he was ten and a leg before he was twenty, and that a boy was like a cat—the only way to kill a cat was to chop it up with an axe and hide the pieces.

It is not surprising that Dickey was such a harum-scarum youth when he was posted on the views of his father and his favorite uncle, but then, these dotting relations may have fashioned their views so as to excuse the larks of the mischievous boy. Here then was a girl-boy, and he had not only to express his own contempt but he had to give effect to the views of his father and uncle.

"Say, Sissy," he sneered, "I'll bet you can't walk on top of that fence."

"Who's callin', Sissy?" asked Clarence, his eyes blinking.

"If you ain't a sissy let's see you walk the fence. You can't—that's why—y' can't, y' can't."

"Don't want to."

"Aw, go in home; it's time to get your hair curled—sissy, sissy, sooty, booby. I can beat you running. I can run faster 'en a horse. Yistiddy I caught up to a wagon and got right in behind among the apples. You couldn't do that—you couldn't catch our old sawhorse. You—say, I can lick you."

"Kin ye?"

"Yeh."

"Try."

"You're scared," and Clarence got to the farthest corner of his house and dared Dickey to come on. The new boy looked as though he were about to run for it, and sure enough, as Richard clambered over the fence Curly disappeared around the corner, whence he was quickly pursued. The blind rush is never wise, and Dickey no sooner turned the corner than Clarence landed upon him, and over and over they rolled.

"Don't holler! Fight low," gasped Sissy. "My mother's going—(take that)—going to give me—(oh, would you though, not much)—to give me a toboggan if I don't—(here, no biting; now I've got you)—if I don't get into a fight for a week."

To Dickey's credit be it said that he did not make any more noise than he found strictly necessary in the rush of business he had in hand. He had notions of honor, had Dickey, and didn't want his own or anybody's mother mixing in the *melee* with a broom. It is all right to joke about women not being able to hit straight or throw straight, but they can hit mighty hard sometimes. In the first surprise the new boy had secured the advantage and held it pretty well throughout, finally getting Dickey face down on the grass, where he pinned him firmly.

"Who's call Sissy?"

"Jist lemme up."

"Who's call Sissy? I'm going to keep you here till you're dead."

"You'd better," said Dickey, "for I'll wallop you if I have to wait a hundred million years. You'll have to let me up—your mother will come out and you'll get no toboggan. Say, I'll tell you what'll do: if you let me ride your toboggan I'll lick all the boys for you 'twixt now and when you get it." And thus the bargain was arranged, Dickey, with his face in the grass, binding himself by every sacred obligation of boyhood to play fair and help earn the toboggan. It was further arranged that the two plotters could finish their own fight some time when they had a good chance.

"Say, pa," remarked Dickey that night at tea, "Clarence Cloverdale ain't a girl-boy." This observation not creating the surprise he anticipated nor arousing any noticeable interest, and fearing that he might be forced into divulging the ponderous secret of the day's encounter, Dickey dropped into a silence which alarmed his mother into forcing some quinine into him before he went to bed. The compact was attended with success, Clarence won his reward, and once he had secured it he soon demonstrated that he required no other boy to defend him.

People who are always fighting in one way or another should not forget that those who avoid or do not seek fights are not necessarily unable to hold their own in emergency. A fashionable coat does not prevent the arm within from being strong and trained; even a spectacled dude may be able, if he cares to bother, to knock down the bellowing black-guard of the slums—in fact, I have seen it done. Don't presume on the quiet man—he is a pent-up force.

Three Forms.

FORM I.

IN a city home, in a cosy room sits a woman, a wife, a mother. Two softly shaded lamps illumine the apartment and throw up the glowing tints of a rich Persian carpet and crimson velvet curtains. She is alone, and reflects. "I have been trying always to be a faithful, devoted wife and mother to my husband and family, but have never experienced that long-yearned joy of hearing either children or my once-devoted lover say so in any way whatsoever. But perhaps I am weak and foolish," she thought as she walked to her flowers, that were scattered about everywhere, in pots, in vases, in dishes. "I should be happy," she mused. "My husband is clever and I never had to worry over a single trouble of his, in fact, he never even mentions his affairs to me; but I am not happy."

Again she sat down in a comfortable

chair and thought. "Shall I ask his advice to-night when he comes home? No, the last time I asked him he looked at me strangely and made my very soul blush. No, I'll not trouble him to-night. I once was fair, and as these flowers seem to me now I seemed once to my husband."

The atmosphere was redolent with hothouse fragrance, of clomats and tuberose, and fed her mind with the smile. "I know these flowers will fade," she continued. "I knew my youthful bloom would fade, as it did, and all too quickly. He used to sometimes praise my soft blue eyes and bright golden hair, but even now if he would but see me with the eyes of love, the hair silver, and the blue dimmed by age, there is a grace and beauty in a pure, loving old age that far outstretches the comeliness of youth. Yet has he, during all the years we have strolled life's path together, never even looked at me with sweet approbation or a lingering glance of love. Oh, my heart! my memory! I wish I could think that he ever had! The two boys are just like him, and he chides them because they cannot help inheriting his personality. My daughter is in society. She is attractive and winsome in her words, but how selfish and thoughtless in her ways! and a great and exceeding bitterness flooded the thinker's heart. "Poor dear Maud!" she sighed, "am I responsible for this? Is she mine? What a burlesque is life! For simple personal pleasure this soul was created, and it may live to curse me. I find her incompetent to even wait on me in my premature age, not only unable to supply the needs of a wasting body, but of a repressed, wistful, throbbing heart."

FORM II.

The same house, the same room, the same wife and mother. It is a bright June day. Maud is asleep on a pretty couch. The old lady, seized with a great loneliness and longing for human companionship, watched her daughter's slumber in silent wistfulness. The warm sun poured in upon the sleeper; there was no one there but the mother to watch every tint of her complexion. The mother exclaimed to herself, "What magnificent golden hair!" The brilliant rays illumined it and the girl's large heavy-lidded blue eyes with shafts of tawny orange. "How like I used to look," she thought. "And was I selfish, and careless to my mother?" She knew she was not and her heart bled for the might-have-been sweet soul, upon whose red-lipped mouth and bright clear skin the sun lingered lovingly. Maud awakened and her mother's reverie was pleasantly interrupted.

Her mother had longed for her company, her love, and though Maud had pre-arranged a little drive with a friend, begged of her to remain with her just for a little while. "You're old and dull, Mama dear," said Maud thoughtlessly, "and you know I promised to go with Laura." So with a hasty touch of lips they parted. Once more alone. This was only adding zest to the unhappy wife's despair and the words, "You're old, you're old," wrung her very soul and seemed enameled in fire on the retina of her eyes, where they dwelt with oft-repeated pangs. Back to the old arm-chair she went, still musing, and settled the soft cushions around her head, feeling a strange exhaustion, and in pathetic reverie sat in the loving embrace of a chair, leaning on its generous if unsympathetic shoulder.

"If I could be taken away by the good God, and my husband and children thought I were dead, would it teach a lesson of a lifetime? Would it give me the love I crave? Would they call me blessed when I was gone? Oh, to die! to die!" Poetry filled her soul and she said:

"Every dream we thought was lost,
Every hope we thought was crossed,
In Heaven shall be fulfilled."

Suddenly all is changed. Her heart wells with the fullness of indefinable satisfaction. Every yearning and want of love is gratified, and ineffable sweetness fills her whole soul. The hungry, aching heart is satiated, and she is thrilled with every sweet approval and loving look. Her pulse weakens; the room darkens, and the silver cord is loosed, the spirit has returned, and the soul opens its eyes free from flesh, asking: "What, oh what is this? I am dead."

FORM III.

The same room; changed, no mother's soul there. The heart has succumbed from sorrow overmuch. "Not dead! Speak! my mother. O, mother! mother!" moaned Maud in bitter anguish of heart.

"My wife, my heart, myself, my life, gone! The woman of my life and joy gone!" said her husband, knitting his brow with an agony of pain.

The husband and family stand around a dead. Dismay has for a time paralyzed all faculties. Her two sons stand by in sombre silence and act as if ashamed to weep, for to them tears seem demeaning to manhood. The slender green fronds of a large palm occupying a corner near the door glisten as the wavering flames from a small fire burning on the hearth rest capriciously upon them. Outside nature sympathizes with the scene. The trees creak and roar with quite a wintry sound, and great tumbled masses of purple clouds heap themselves in the heavens. The soul of him who had never been a tender husband nor an indulgent father was now engulfed with sorrow, evoking intensely soft shrieks such as the winter wind makes in a ruined castle. Ah! Ah! They had all trodden aside by side silently with one whom they loved dearly. Seized with that pathetic reverie which is given only to that which will not return, that pain, in fine, which numb despair and gloomy melancholy bring on, all from their hearts cry too late! too late!

Is there no consolation for their poor souls? No. Only to awaken every day with the sad longing that their love might have found some expression, in approving looks, in soothing words, in loving deeds, in tender kindness. But she, the mother, the wife, the woman, needs not now the much missed ministrations, for she is satisfied.

Montreal.

C. D. CLIFFE.

Backers of Nature.

Physician—Doctors, you know, merely assist nature.
Layman—Especially when one endeavors to escape the debt of nature.



No. 31—Prince Gustav and Princess Dagmar of Denmark, with their mother.



No. 32—The Empress of Germany with her sons.



Winterbloom—Don't you think \$200 is rather high for a tailor-made gown? Von Blumer tells me his wife paid only \$150 for hers.
Mrs. Winterbloom—True, my dear, but she got here before I got mine.—Life.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama.

WHEN it was first announced that Corbett, the champion pugilist of the world, was to appear at the Academy of Music with prices put at a higher notch than any of the famous actors who have been here all season had dared to put them, I thought it a sad commentary on popular sentiment. So now I apologize for the unjust thoughts that came to me in regard to Toronto people. This city has done itself proud, by proving that the pugilist is not prized above the great actor, for the Academy was practically an empty house on Tuesday evening. I never saw in a Toronto theater such a vast and unbroken expanse of empty seats. Half those who were there were admitted free. It is creditable to this city that a pugilist should fail to draw a house in competition with Seidl and Juch, the Harmony Club and the Hecker Children. When the prices were reduced for the two performances of Wednesday, better houses turned out.

A morning paper says that everyone was disappointed in Corbett. It was a pleasant disappointment. We have seen Sullivan and Mitchell, and all the pugilists of the ring, and people could not realize that the tall, graceful and gentlemanly-looking fellow in fashionable dress was the champion heavy-weight of the world. Had he been introduced as the champion ten-mile walker or the champion baseball pitcher, we would have felt that he looked it, every inch of him. But when one compared him with the massive, porcine, scowling Sullivan, he was non-plused. From his first appearance on the stage until the curtain finally fell, his every word and action conveyed the impression of an intelligent gentleman of some education, of considerate feelings and accustomed to good society. Corbett is a man with a chance. He looks the gentleman and knows what a gentleman should be; his friends claim, and those who see him will credit it, that he has good antecedents, therefore let him preserve his respectability and glorify pugilism with a gleam of good breeding. In the play Alice Saunders asks him if he can be a prize-fighter and still be a gentleman, and he replies that he can, for his heart is right. Out of the play let him keep his heart and his life right and his name will long live as that of a respectable man who overthrew those who were at once the idols and the product of black-guardism, demonstrating that decent living is not incompatible with physical courage and muscle.

A man of ready intelligence, Corbett made a very good attempt at acting. The play is the clumsiest kind of a thing, constructed so as to give him opportunities to defend the weak and pose as a magnanimous hero; but he has a keen comprehension of events and makes the most of his chances. Sullivan on the stage was something of a lay figure, saying about fifty words on each evening as he felt particularly clear-headed, and skipping half of them at other times. But Corbett has a very heavy part and is on the boards almost constantly. As regards the champion's prospects of holding the championship I am no judge, although I would be very glad to hear of him vanquishing Mitchell, Jackson and Smith if he meets them. If prize-fighting must continue I am sure all decent people would prefer that this comparatively decent person should prevail over the typical animal who swaggers around the prize-ring claiming to be "the best man in the world." Why cannot a man of good morals and clean life go down among these low browlers and punch them one by one all around a sixteen-foot ring for the glory of good morals and the gate receipts? The money secured would be restored to respectable channels, and young men endowed with muscle would no longer feel that such equipment proved them predestined for evil ways. For those who admire boxing it may be added that Corbett's strength lies in his reach and, particularly, in his speed of hand and agility of foot, which equal that of any light-weight. He is lithe as a cat in body and his head shoots about like lightning and cannot be hit. In dodging he surpasses even Mitchell.

Grenville P. Kleiser is certainly fulfilling his promise to give his patrons a series of high-class entertainments. Frank Lincoln, who appears next Tuesday evening in the Pavilion, as the fourth number in the Star Course, comes to Toronto with an unquestionable prestige. John Ruskin wrote to him thus: "I am indebted to you for an evening of intellectual fun." Mr. Lincoln's programme will be as follows:

1. Characteristics of National Humor.
2. Musical Memories.
3. Peculiar Orators.
4. Voices of the Night.

The plan of seats is filling up rapidly at Nordheimer's.

Mr. Owen A. Smiley, the popular young elocutionist, has returned from a trip west to Detroit and towns en route, his readings being the chief feature at the Sherbourne street Methodist concert and recital on Good Friday evening.

A Kentucky Girl will be on at Jacobs &

Sparrow's next week. The scene is laid in the Kentucky mountains and the plot is thrilling.

The Danish Warblers, Dagmar and Decelle, who were at the Academy with Corbett's company this week, won much favorable comment by their singing.

Barlow Bros' Minstrels are at the Academy for the close of the week. On Monday night The Leavenworth Case will be presented.

At the Grand next week one of Charles Frohman's companies will present the new comedy, *Gloriana*.

Two artists whose performances hardly received the notice which they merited, were Mr. and Mrs. Rouclere, who were at Moore's Musee last week. Of Mr. Rouclere as a juggler and prestidigitateur I shall say but little; his performance was neat, artistic and clever. As a psychometrist and mental telegrapher, in which he is assisted by his wife, I do not think that his equal has ever been seen in Toronto. The former may be briefly described as follows. Mrs. Rouclere is blindfolded and mesmerized by her husband, who then descends among the audience, where he makes several requests among the members for toots in tones so low that they certainly never reach Mrs. Rouclere. Handkerchiefs, watches and rings were interchanged among those present and in each case Mrs. Rouclere, who is blindfolded, returned them to their original owners. In one performance Mrs. Rouclere, who remains under the mesmeric influence throughout, complied with fifteen requests the conditions of which were conveyed to her by her husband in some unseen manner. The performance has to be seen to be properly appreciated, and I am afraid that my description conveys a very inadequate idea of its character. The performance in mental telegraphy was wonderfully rapid. No sooner had Mr. Rouclere glanced at the articles which were shown to him than his wife, who in this case remained on the stage, blindfolded as before, described them. I wrote several rows of figures on the blackboard which Mrs. Rouclere added up, and then named every figure I touched. There was no physical communication between her husband and herself, as I stood between them. Whatever theory people may entertain concerning the nature of these performances and how they are done, all who have witnessed them agree in admitting their extreme cleverness. I might add in conclusion that Mrs. Rouclere has an extraordinary memory. It is on authentic record that she read *Hilawatha* twice over and then repeated it from beginning to end.

The comedy sensational drama, *The Dago*, is one of the best things that have been seen at Jacobs and Sparrow's this season. In my opinion it eclipses every play with the exception of *McFee of Dublin*. The plot is exceedingly simple. A little child stands between a clever, scheming woman and a large fortune, and the adventures has the child kidnapped and attempts to murder it, together with its father and the man who helped her. Out of these simple materials the author has composed a strong, clear and interesting drama with enough of the comic element intermingled to render the piece diverting. Although the scene in which the conflagration is depicted is far away the most realistic picture that I have witnessed in the house this year, the whole play really depends but little upon scenic effects. Its power to interest the audience is entirely based upon the merits of the play and the excellence of the strong, evenly balanced company which the Carrolls have gathered around them. The three actors, R. M., Edwin H., and Richard T. Carroll in their respective characters of the Dago, Lafferty the Irishman, and Old Sponge the Tramp, are excellent, both in representation and conception, and they are well backed up by the other male members of the company. Minnie Brown, who plays Mabel Morton, has the advantage of possessing both a fascinating exterior and considerable histrionic talent, but I think that the author of the play is at fault when he makes her quail before the Dago in the last act, as it is completely at variance with the character she represents throughout the piece. Inflexibility, cruelty, thorough heartlessness and lack of principle, these are the attributes of her character and the element of fear should not have been introduced. Blanche Howard as Anita Morrell enlisted the sympathy of the audience by the hopelessly desperate position in which she is placed. Married to a man she despises and who hates her, as a criminal brute always hates the woman he cannot drag down to his own level, in love with the father of the kidnapped child for whose sake she braves the dangerous anger of the Dago, hers is truly a miserable lot. Blanche Howard acquits herself well in her role, though at times she is hardly volaric enough for a daughter of sunny Italy. Nellie Lawrence gives a good representation of an Irish servant girl, but is not always sufficiently Hibernian.

The curio hall of Moore's Musee does not boast many attractions this week. They are only two in number, a blind man who plays drafts with singular skill, and a troupe of "varments," better known as coyotes, which go through the manoeuvres familiar to all who have witnessed the performances of trained animals. For my part, I do not care for such shows unless I am sure that the whip is not the chief means by which their knowledge is imparted to them. I prefer watching the monkeys, which are a never failing source of interest. Baby Rooney appears to possess as many attractive qualities as most children of his age; that is to say, that when he is not asleep he twists his face, which has far more expression than any baby's of two weeks, into about fifty hard knots, or utters sounds which in the Simian tongue doubtless mean, ma and pa, and which give great delight to his mother. I notice that Mr. Rooney does not trouble himself much about his offspring. I suppose the young one is not old enough to spank, while Mrs. Rooney does not trust her baby upon the notice of everyone who calls to see her; on the contrary, she guards it jealously. I heartily commend her wisdom. The baby, however, is a great source of anxiety to Jenny, the old maid in the next cage, who is yearning to know it and gush

over it, her own orphan charges in her cage being somewhat too big and restless for coddling. I saw one play a trick upon her that was human in its premeditated mischief. Jenny was lying down on the floor, so one young imp—whose ancestor in days gone by was, without doubt, the progenitor of that race whose representative in modern times was Peck's bad boy—possessed himself of a tin cup, climbed up to the top of the cage and dropped it upon Jenny, who, after a hard chase, caught the offender, cuffed him, and kept him in duration for a long time. After all, there is a great deal of human nature in a beast. N.B. This remark is original and patented. Vic. Reg., vol. 10, chap. 2. Down in the theater there is a somewhat longer list of attractions than usual, comprising singing, dancing, wire walking, fire eating and contortionist acts.

D. G.

Some Trolley Squibs.

THERE were two bells upon the back of a trolley car, and said car being laid up for the night, they were taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the absence of humans to indulge in a brief exchange of remarks.

"Clangwhack," said the bell upon the right, "can you tell me why the ladies always ring the wrong bell when they wish the car to stop?"

"No, friend Brassbang, the question is beyond me," answered Clangwhack. "Why do they?"

"Because," said the first speaker, with a metallic chuckle, "because they do not know the ropes."

"One on me, friend Brassbang," remarked the other, joining gently in the laugh, "but here's getting back at you. How does the electricity find its way from the overhead wire to the motor attachment?"

"An easy one, that, Clangwhack, an easy one," replied the jovial Brassbang. "It goes through the conductor."

"Why, that would produce bad results, for if it went through the conductor it would do him up," said Clang.

"Him!" exclaimed the other. "I did not refer to that conductor, but to the one that collects the electricity and charges the batteries."

"Oh!" replied Clang, with a laugh that made his clapper rattle. "I thought you were speaking of the one that collects the fares and charges the passengers."

"Good enough, that makes us even," said Brassbang. "But I am not silenced yet, for even he must possess considerable electricity. He threw out two sparks this morning."

"How so?"

"Why, those two dudes that were annoying the young lady who sat in the corner so much that she complained to him. Did you not see them ejected?"

"True, Brassbang, you score again, and now I bethink me, did he not say to the fresh young man who tried to work the transfer racket that anyone who touched him (for a free ride) would feel a shock?"

At this juncture the night-watchman came up to see what made the bells jingle so, and the two friends in their efforts to suppress their mirth cracked their sides and were condemned next day as useless.

UNCLE ARTHUR.

A Consoling Thought.

At 6.30 p.m. Jones is standing on the street corner. He is looking for someone. It is evident from the anxious look in his eye that he needs someone badly. But Jones is a haughty man; he cannot pour out his soul to a mere stranger. Here is Backwater, who moved next door to Jones last week. They haven't spoken before, but—never mind, he will do.

"I suppose," says Jones confidentially, "that there isn't a bigger fool than I am in town."

Great surprise and dissent on the part of Backwater.

"No," continues Jones, with increasing enjoyment, "I don't suppose there is."

"I was coming home last night, when I met a little boy crying. Said he couldn't go home till he got a quarter. Now, I never give money on the street."

Jones paused and looked Backwater in the eye. He wished him to understand that there was nothing soft or sentimental about him.

"You gave him the quarter," exclaimed Backwater with certainty.

"I gave him the quarter," replied Jones with malignant self-reproach, "but I took his name and address and a receipt for it. He was to come and work it out to-day."

"He didn't come," chanted Backwater with the voice of the autumn wind.

"Oh, no, he didn't come," replied Jones. Now, what kind of a man was Backwater?

"That's nothing," he asserted boldly. "Last week a boy came to our office. He'd been all through the building and came to us last, I found out afterwards. Wanted five cents to set him up in paper. Nice-looking little chap. Too busy to think, told him I'd nothing but a five dollar bill. Oh, he'd get change. Gave it to him."

"You did?" said Jones breathlessly.

"About five o'clock said to my stenographer that the boy was a long time getting back with the change. He never got back."

"Never got back, never got back!" cried Jones with mournful glee.

Backwater was a noble man, a man after the heart of Jones. He loved him ever after. On the Queen's birthday the Jones and Backwater families have picnics together in High Park.

PENNY.

How to Entertain a Guest.

First of all you must, of course, get him. This isn't a difficult thing; there is nearly always some fellow who wants a holiday, and it's ten to one if you wish for a visitor you'll find him, however limited your acquaintance is. Name a day for him to come; it's a mistake to issue general invitations unless you are fond of surprise parties. Don't feel put out if at the last moment your friend telegraphs to say he's bringing his wife and child with him, as they need change of air after having scarlet fever. Remember, it isn't every place they'd feel intimate enough to come to on such

short notice. Don't let any anxiety as to your own children interfere with your hospitality. Make them all feel perfectly at home, or as if your house was their hotel. You ought to enquire on his, or rather their, arrival, what hour they like their breakfast. If the man says "Seven o'clock," don't argue the matter, get up and oblige him and start your family on a career that will make you all healthy, wealthy and wise. If his wife prefers hers in bed, let your wife take it up to her; the absence of the child's mother from the table will probably make you congratulate yourself on the superior manners of your own olive branches. Should your servants complain that the usual ways of the house are upset by extra work, etc., that is of no importance to the guest. Remember that when people visit you, at worst it is only a temporary infliction; don't count time, it's only mothers-in-law that stay for a year. If your friend insists on accompanying you to your place of business, and on seeing how you "work it," confide in him as a partner of the firm. Should any of your customers or clients seem to object to his presence when talking over private affairs, tell them "to call round in a day or two." That will probably give your friend the impression that you are over-run with work.

You will naturally get a carriage and drive your visitors about and buy theater tickets, and treat them to the best of everything, regardless of expense or what you can afford. There'll be plenty of time for economy after they leave you. Place your house, your family, your purse, and yourself at the disposal of your guests, and mark my words, you'll be a happy man—when they're gone.

When you return to your home you may be conscious of there being a good deal of room in the house, but you won't quarrel with that. Like the vacuum experienced after a visit to the dentist, it'll be such a blessed relief. Don't grumble because you have to pay for it; it isn't everybody who can get something for nothing in this world, and truly it is more blessed to visit than to be visited.

J. M. LOES.

The Latest Improved System

THE students' reading-room up at the Law School is heated by what is represented to be the latest improved system. It is understood that the man who got drunk and evolved the idea, shortly afterwards died from a disease which forms the ruling characteristic of his prodigy, namely, wind on the stomach. An innocent-looking grating about half-way up the wall is the muzzle of the piece, while immediately below it is the trigger in the shape of a crank. Hit the trigger and out of the muzzle bulges with a whizz and sizzle a blast which evidently comes straight from the bosom of the home of blazes. Law students are jocularly spoken of as the "devil's own," but be it understood that this is merely in a figurative sense, and when Satan really sneezes at them it doesn't take them long to amend their "statement of claims." Wind up the crank with all the speed you may, but be careful, for if you happen to give it an extra yank, out snorts with a howl a back-number two-year-old blizzard which has evidently been rammed home with the big end of the North Pole. There is rime on the boys' mustaches almost before the smell of burning hair has evaporated. The most satisfactory way to adjust the weapon is to balance it in the middle, which allows it to discharge alternately chills with a rumble, and fever with a click. It is true that this arrangement puts the temperature anywhere between that of a root house and a brick kiln. But what would you have? If a fellow feels too hot he can stand around in front of it and dodge the blasts, or if too cold, the blizzards. This exercise, besides putting him in a good temper, is conducive to the cultivation of agility and a graceful and easy carriage.

The only places where you are comparatively safe from the draughts are the corners of the room, in which a man by bracing himself against the wall and keeping his mouth shut can generally prevent loosening of the teeth from setting in. It is understood that the benches have been petitioned to have the walls made saw-shaped in order to supply the demand for corners.

It would be a pity to profane this page with a "legal opinion" of this "latest improved system." There are several third year men who have been using the room for the last few months, who from their greater command of the dead languages are much better qualified to deal with the subject than the writer (who is a man of peace). These would doubtless give their unqualified opinion on payment of a reasonable fee. There is no doubt, however, that a sufficient number of volunteers could be gathered to hold any relatives of the inventor under the nozzle of the invention long enough to cause the family to become extinct.

G. J. A.

His Opportunity.

"Yes," said the convivial-looking man, "there's a terrible sight of truth in what the poet says about everyone havin' an opportunity to get rich at some time or other in his life. Now, I had a mighty good opportunity once."

"What was that?" asked the red-faced sportsman.

"I met an old feller in a city where I was, who was on a big drunk. He was richer'n mud an' was blowin' in his stuff to beat the band. I kinder trained with him for a day or two, and then one afternoon he went off into the blindest fit of the jerry you ever see. He seen all kinds of things. I took him to a hotel an' nursed an' tended him like he was my father."

"When he got well I found out he was a big miller from out West. He called me later his room one day, jus' afore he was goin' home, an' handed me a paper. It began: 'In consideration of \$1 in hand paid an' other good an' valuable considerations,' an' went on to say the ol' feller giv' me 2,000 barrels of flour. Flour was worth \$10 a barrel them days, an' that would have made a mighty good stake for me. But I didn't get it."

"Why?" asked the red-faced sportsman.

"Didn't have the dollar," replied the convivial-looking man sadly.—*Buffalo Express*.

Old Friends.

For Saturday Night.
Yer comin' here to-day, Bill, recalls our boyhood days,
When you and I together played—with Ebenezer Hayes.
Now, don't you mind the time, Bill, when we both run away?
We slept all night in Brown's barn, and hid there all next day.

I think I see yer dad, Bill, a-callin' of us back;
You strikin' down the side-line, me runnin' down the track.
Then how we jumped aboard the train and couldn't pay our ride,
And when the railroad put us off, jist busted out and cried.
Yes, Bill, we'd lots of fun then—when you and I was boys.
I often wondered how ye'd been, in sorrows or in joys.
But ye say how luck's been with you, and how you've grown rich,
While I've been jist the opposite, for wealth and I don't bich.

But, Bill, I'm glad you come—glad you come this way.
Yes, Mary's dead and in her grave; I laid her there one day.
This little chap's the only one—the rest are cold and still.
P'raps you'll be insulted, but, old chum, we called him Bill.
Not angry, eh? Well, Bill, I'm glad!
We thought as how you'd like him when once you'd seen the lad.
But set him down, Bill—yet he kinder wants to stay;
He's no sister now or brother, and misses all his play.
I see you drop a tear, Bill. I know jist what it's for,
That picture hangin' on the wall; ye once was fond of her.
But that's all over long ago; it drove us far apart.
Sometimes I've often wonder'd if it hadn't broke her heart.

For I was mighty rough like, while you was slick and clean,
And allus seemed more like her sort than I ever been.
I used ter think p'raps 'twas spite—that's sometimes been the way,
But never once in all her life a word she'd ever say.

Yes, Bill, I'll shake yer hand ag'in. It does me good to see
That still there lingers in yer heart a big warm place for me.
It's many years ago, Bill, since we were boys together.
Your life's been spent in sunshine, while mine's been cloudy weather.

I've traveled o'er life's roughest roads; my hairs are turnin' gray.
I robbed you of her love, Bill, when she was young and gay.
But, Bill, in memory of the one who sleeps on yonder hill,
Let's both forget, and you'll forgive. Say, won't you, old friend Bill?
TOM HUMBLE.

Old Jock.

For Saturday Night.
Ten years since we parted in grief and regret,
Ten years since we parted—ten years till we met—
In travel and action he'd passed from my mind.
As the vapors of morning are chased by the wind.
And little I thought on a desolate rock
On the shores of Superior I'd meet with old Jock!
The world is but small and how often we meet
The friends of old years in the church—on the street—
How gladly we hail them, and talk of the time
When as boys we were friends in our own native clime.
What visions reopen! What memories flock
Like Paris long prison'd—I found so with Jock!
A bare twenty minutes' the whistle blew thrill
From the deck of the steamer—each valley and hill
Gave an answering echo—one grasp of the hand
Right friendly and firm, and we passed from the land;
For distance and duty are demons that mock
At meetings and partings like mine with old Jock.
F. M. DEKA FOSBER.

Tit For Tat.

For Saturday Night.
"Please criticize," I did. She was my friend;
I loved her as the spring-bird loves the dew,
Could scarce see wrong in anything she'd do.
Yet there was one fault here she could amend;
I showed her how, but careful was to send
A dozen words of praise, which well I knew
She merited, and yet were no less true
The words of dispraise which with her I blend.
Quick as a flash came back the hot reply—
"If I'm so full of faults, I'd like to know
Are you perfect? I'm as good as you!"
Did I deserve them? Does she sometimes sigh
As she recalls them? That was years ago,
And we, who might be one, also are two.
J. SMITH.

Aspiria.

Breath, mountain wind—thou breath of God!
The plain is hot below:
The petals of the fainting rose
Fall like a scented snow.
Come! from the cedar heights and towers
Of glorious Lebanon;
Till lilacs lift their languid cheeks,
Still amorous of the sun.
Breath, wind of God—thou south wind blow!
The frost hath fall'n apace;
Breath, quickly, or our flowering hopes
By the keen north are slain!
Thy breath of balm, O Spirit sweet,
Brings summer to my soul!
Then like a bird my bosom sings
When Love hath made me whole.
Then, as the spiny odore flow
From every bloom abroad,
O'er desert fields my life shall go,
Warm-sweetened by my God.
Blow, mountain freshness!—downward blow,
Where spirals languish'd lie;
Wind of the south, O softly blow,
Till brumal shadows fly!
Then, like the rose o'er hills of balm,
Our souls shall homeward move,
And summer in that glorious clime
Of the Eternal Love.
—Parson Felix, in the Critic.

The Kiss of Children.

No thought or sense unsatisfied
The kiss of little children brings,
No after-taste of bitter things,
No tearful prayer for peace denied;
No shadow of remorse's wings,
No sense of fallen worth and pride,
No feverish search of Lethe's tide—
But from their lips contentment springs.
The kiss of little children wakes
The hopes of endless better things;
It stirs our hearts till memory sings
Of our lost innocence and takes
Us by the hand—that childlike clings
To hers—along her paths, and makes
Us nobler for the truth, that breaks
The dream the kiss of children brings.
—Charles Gordon Rogers in New England Magazine.

A Discerning Antiquary.

She—The punch-bowl is an heir-loom in my family. During the revolution my ancestor was hid with it in a chimney while the British searched the house for two days.
He—It must have been one of their most valued possessions if they took all that trouble to recover it.

Two to One.

Mr. Saunders—Fo' d' great Lawd's sake, Clindy! 'Rastus 'a gittin' borna growin' out on his bald.

Rastus—No, I ain't. Dem Hollyway twins gub me a lick'n' aftah school.

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Between You and Me.

ANNIVERSARIES are entirely dependent on circumstances for their brightness, are they not? I wondered, on Easter Sunday morning, as I sat in the old place, in the old choir, in the old church, where I sat just ten years ago that Easter day, what made me so happy! A gentle, quiet radiance of good-will and contentment, kindly faces of old friends, over whose whitening bows time was gently laying his frost-print; faces of young friends, grown from childhood into young man and womanhood, girls married and sedately marching in with husband and bairns, boys grown past prankish years into responsible voters, and over all of them a rosy light, the light of "auld lang syne" and Home! It was a lovely Easter and I was very content to be there, I cannot explain why, nor did I try to. Sometimes, during the pleasant day, I thought of clouds that were over others, of tears that must fall, and of an Easter that was gloomy, but my heart was too satisfied to ache for them, and as I began by saying, anniversaries depend on circumstances for their success or their failure as pleasure-giving institutions.

Our parson gave us a most startling sermon that day. He believes very circumstantially in a personal, orthodox devil, with horns, hoofs and a tail, and he advanced the assertion that those poor people whose misdeeds were unrepented of should in the eternities of punishment wear a like form! It is unadvisable to laugh in church, but the sudden picture was too much for my gravity, and I laughed! I wondered that anyone in this age should seriously depict such a devil. I knew if Lucifer does look like that, one of my clearest ideals will go down. I cannot help believing that what was once the brightest angel in the bright and beautiful host is still in form as perfect; that the devil whom I must guard against, who knows my weak points and would compass my fall, is not an apish fright, distorted and deformed, but a perfect and intelligent being, with an intellect keen and subtle, with a voice persuasive and powerful, with consummate skill to deceive, and cunning to compel, with patience to wait and perseverance beyond belief. That is the devil who drives me, consciously unable to cope with him, to the only power that is his superior. That is the devil who evoked the canny Scotch wife's pity, when she longed to pray even for him! There is nothing awful enough in the brutish effigy with horns and tail, but in the glorious, revengeful, cruel angel, with his heaven-born beauty lit with the lurid fire of hate and despair and misery forever, I can imagine and fear a satisfactory devil!

As I journeyed home on the C. P. R. on Monday, quite a number of interesting people jostled against me. There was a bearded, bald-headed farming man (why did his hair stray from the crown of his head to his chin?) who was the most lightning reader I ever saw. He began and finished a novel by E. P. Roe, and picked out the fattest volume on the news-agent's arm as the next instalment. He read two papers, a number of *Lippincott's*, and a few more trifles, between London and Toronto, besides talking very intelligently and instructively to all and sundry. I wonder did his mental digestion assimilate all this, or did he dash through all these columns to kill time? A gray-haired woman in a hat dumped two little muddy-shoed boys *vis-à-vis* to the reading farmer and Lady Gay. One was a good boy, and the other was—well, whatever substantive you have handy for the worst bad boy of your acquaintance. He kicked my shins, and groped round my petticoats with his grimy boots, and expectorated emphatically, and rapped on the window, and knocked down my umbrella, and ended by calmly putting out his tongue to an appalling length at me. Even now my fingers tingle when I remember that boy! I ignored him, and began inviting the good boy to Toronto, to ride a bicycle, drive a small pony and go to the Museum. The bad boy pook-pooked the idea, but I could see he was feeling badly. He drew in his tongue and curled up his muddy feet, and at last signified his wish to also visit me. Then my hour came. I told him he should never come, nor were bicycles and ponies possible for him. I also told him with incisive truth what he was, and how he appeared to the world in general. He once or twice tried to put his tongue out, but he couldn't; he was utterly undone and routed. It was lovely! Finally he made a dash for the woman in the hat, and her glare at me completed my satisfaction.

Don't you love to have tea on the train? I always go by the C.P.R., just for the sake of having that cunning little table set up, and the absurd little table-cloth, and the tea-pot with the loose lid, that always falls into your tea-cup, when you "don't watch out," as Whitcomb Riley says. Everything is so crowded and noisy and altogether different from a meal anywhere else. The tea lurches in every direction at once, and the Saratoga potatoes remind you that "fingers were made before forks," and the broiled bacon is so beautifully crisped. I am very partial to the C. P. R. cook's way of doing bacon. Then the waiter murmurs an apologetic request that a gentleman may have half of the wee table, and you don't mind if he does, and he and you munch, and grab your tea-cups, and confess you feel better, and when the waiter suggests "jam" you very nearly say yes. The half dollar which the toast and tea and bacon and Saratoga chips demand is always my most cheerfully expended cash. Tea on the train is delightful!

And then you get safe home, and there is nothing left but a pleasant memory of the Easter holidays at the dear old home. Nothing! Bless me! I forgot the basket. Do you know that basket? The largest that money can buy, the heaviest that man can carry, that basket full of lovely things from home, that basket which you smuggle into the train, and which the crabbed conductor discovers and promptly fires out, and anon cometh an express agent and demandeth seventy cents, for it is an awful basket, and cheap at half a hundredweight. There are eggs in it, that would scare a puny Toronto hen to look at, and butter that smells of sweet hay and hasn't

a sniff of turnips or tub; and jelly, and jams, and sauces, and cordials and, no one can just say what all! I think this last basket was the Jumbo among baskets so far. I know it was the heaviest; I didn't dream of smuggling it in, for I knew the crabbed conductor, and I knew it would get stuck in the gangway, and concealment for one moment would be a dream! It is an aching void now—poor thing—and Mr. Gay and I don't know what to do with it. It would certainly do for another trip, but—well, we have some sense of the eternal fitness of things, and really, to arrive at the paternal threshold with that basket empty would seem rather too much of a suggestion, don't you think?

LADY GAY.

The Compact.

A Story of a Quiet Fight around the Corner, and the Terms of Capitulation.

WHEN Clarence Cloverdale's people moved into town and settled next door to Dickey Dobson's folks, the latter's lively little heart fairly went mad for joy. Dickey was quite a figure among the boys of the town—the most out-and-out boy of them all. His pants were held on by means of one brace, and when he wanted to be dead sure of them, as for instance when he saw the preacher coming towards him, he would stuff his hands into his pockets, straighten his elbows and accept advice like a little man. Richard—the preacher—was the only person in the world who called Dickey by that name, and the urchin regarded it as a sort of religious exercise—was at once liked and feared by the good man, for he could not forget that on the one memorable occasion when Richard evinced a phenomenal interest in the story of Samson, and kept him talking at the parsonage gate, he found that while he had been feeding the lad's thirst for knowledge other boys had entirely stripped a cherry tree behind the house. It may only have been a coincidence, but the good man never thought of Samson or saw Richard without the idea of cherries suggesting itself to him. Being a just man and fearing that his suspicions might be unfair to a bright boy, he never mentioned the subject to Dickey, but took all the more interest in him.

Dickey was a boy who took all the diseases that hard luck could trot out, met with all the accidents that he could get his fidgety little body in the way of, and had still time to be the worst nuisance of any youngster in the whole town. He would climb upon the roof of a covered buggy standing in a shed, and when the rig started off would kick and screech until let down; he would take hold of the wheel of a wagon, bracing his feet against the spokes at one side and holding firmly to the spokes at the other, and revolve around as the wheel moved, screaming in real or feigned terror until the driver stopped, when he would tumble off and scamper over the nearest fence. He was the boldest spirit in the place and though voted a plague by all, he was admired.

Accomplished youth as he was, his many accomplishments were known to all the natives, and so with pleasure he welcomed the arrival of the Cloverdales with a boy of his own age whom he could dazzle with a gradual revelation of his performances. There are boys whose hair is whitened with age who vastly enjoy such a chance as presented itself to Dickey.

The two boys were on the lawns before their respective houses, and Dickey set to work to measure accomplishments with the new-comer. To lead Clarence on he began mildly by whistling through his fingers, but the new boy only looked at him in reply and sat down daintily on the door-step. Then he put his little finger in his mouth and whistled, then his middle finger, and one after another every finger he had about him, but his antagonist never so much as puckered a lip in the way of competition. Bound to shine and awaken some show of envy, Dickey now put both hands to his mouth and produced a hollow sound like a steamboat whistle. This generally called admiration from the most callous, for he was the only boy in town who could do it, but Long Curly in the next lot deigned not one look of interest, and Dickey was forced to conclude that the new boy not only could do nothing creditable himself but was unable to appreciate talent in another. However, to give him one more chance, and not having exhausted his bag of tricks, Dickey teetered over on his hands and walked back and forth, squinting through the fence to see if the other so much as responded with a weak and ineffectual hand-spring. But the new boy attempted no counter display and Dickey was mad. His ideas were somewhat of this order, although he did not bother putting them into organized form: Here's one of those girl-boys whose parents spoil them with kisses and scented soap, and white blis and dolls; who are cuddled and hugged until they are "no good." His father said there were only two ways of preventing a boy who had anything in him

from developing into something—one way was for his parents to fondle all the spirit and fizz out of him, and the other way was to kill him on the spot and bury him deep. His Uncle Bill had added that no boy was healthy who didn't break an arm before he was ten and a leg before he was twenty, and that a boy was like a cat—the only way to kill a cat was to chop it up with an axe and hide the pieces.

It is not surprising that Dickey was such a harum-scarum youth when he was posted on the views of his father and his favorite uncle, but then, these dotting relations may have fashioned their views so as to excuse the larks of the mischievous boy. Here then was a girl-boy, and he had not only to express his own contempt but he had to give effect to the views of his father and uncle.

"Say, Sissy," he sneered, "I'll bet you can't walk on top of that fence."

"Who's callin', Sissy?" asked Clarence, his eyes blinking.

"If you ain't a sissy let's see you walk the fence. You can't—that's why—y' can't, y' can't."

"Don't want to."

"Aw, go in home; it's time to get your hair curled—sissy, sissy, sooty, booby. I can beat you running. I can run faster 'en a horse. Yistiddy I caught up to a wagon and got right in behind among the apples. You couldn't do that—you couldn't catch our old sawhorse. You—say, I can lick you."

"Kin ye?"

"Yeh."

"Try."

"You try."

"You're scared," and Clarence got to the farthest corner of his house and dared Dickey to come on. The new boy looked as though he were about to run for it, and sure enough, as Richard clambered over the fence Curly disappeared around the corner, whence he was quickly pursued. The blind rush is never wise, and Dickey no sooner turned the corner than Clarence landed upon him, and over and over they rolled.

"Don't holler! Fight low," gasped Sissy. "My mother's going—(take that)—going to give me—(oh, would you though, not much)—to give me a toboggan if I don't—(here, no hitting; now I've got you)—if I don't get into a fight for a week."

To Dickey's credit be it said that he did not make any more noise than he found strictly necessary in the rush of business he had in hand. He had notions of honor, had Dickey, and didn't want his own or anybody's mother mixing in the melee with a broom. It is all right to joke about women not being able to hit straight or throw straight, but they can hit mighty hard sometimes. In the first surprise the new boy had secured the advantage and held it pretty well throughout, finally getting Dickey face down on the grass, where he pinned him firmly.

"Who's call Sissy?"

"Jist lemme up."

"Who's call Sissy? I'm going to keep you here till you're dead."

"You'd better," said Dickey, "for I'll wallop you if I have to wait a hundred million years. You'll have to let me up—your mother will come out and you'll get no toboggan. Say, I'll tell you what'll do: if you let me ride your toboggan I'll lick all the boys for you 'twixt now and when you get it." And thus the bargain was arranged, Dickey, with his face in the grass, binding himself by every sacred obligation of boyhood to play fair and help earn the toboggan. It was further arranged that the two plotters could finish their own fight some time when they had a good chance.

"Say, pa," remarked Dickey that night at tea, "Clarence Cloverdale ain't a girl-boy." This observation not creating the surprise he anticipated nor arousing any noticeable interest, and fearing that he might be forced into divulging the ponderous secret of the day's encounter, Dickey dropped into a silence which alarmed his mother into forcing some quinine into him before he went to bed. The compact was attended with success, Clarence won his reward, and once he had secured it he soon demonstrated that he required no other boy to defend him.

People who are always fighting in one way or another should not forget that those who avoid or do not seek fights are not necessarily unable to hold their own in emergency. A fashionable coat does not prevent the arm within from being strong and trained; even a spectacled dude may be able, if he cares to bother, to knock down the bellowing black-guard of the slums—in fact, I have seen it done. Don't presume on the quiet man—he is a pent-up force.

Three Forms.

FORM I.

IN a city home, in a cosy room sits a woman, a wife, a mother. Two softly shaded lamps illumine the apartment and throw up the glowing tints of a rich Persian carpet and crimson velvet curtains. She is alone, and reflects. "I have been trying always to be a faithful, devoted wife and mother to my husband and family, but have never experienced that long-expected joy of hearing either children or my once-devoted lover say so in any way whatsoever. But perhaps I am weak and foolish," she thought as she walked to her flowers, that were scattered about everywhere, in pots, in vases, in dishes. "I should be happy," she mused, "My husband is clever and I never had to worry over a single trouble of his, in fact, he never even mentions his affairs to me; but I am not happy."

Again she sat down in a comfortable

chair and thought, "Shall I ask his advice to-night when he comes home? No, the last time I asked him he looked at me strangely and made my very soul blush. No, I'll not trouble him to-night. I once was fair, and as these flowers seem to me now I seemed once to my husband."

The atmosphere was redolent with hothouse fragrance, of clematis and tuberose, and fed her mind with the simile. "I know these flowers will fade," she continued. "I knew my youthful bloom would fade, as it did, and all too quickly. He used to sometimes praise my soft blue eyes and bright golden hair, but even now if he would but see me with the eyes of love, the hair silver, and the blue dimmed by age, there is a grace and beauty in a pure, loving old age that far outstretches the comeliness of youth. Yet has he, during all the years we have strolled life's path together, never even looked at me with sweet approbation or a lingering glance of love. Oh, my heart! my memory! I wish I could think that he ever had! The two boys are just like him, and he chides them because they cannot help inheriting his personality. My daughter is in society. She is attractive and winsome in her words, but how selfish and thoughtless in her ways! and a great and exceeding bitterness flooded the thinker's heart. "Poor dear Maud!" she sighed, "am I responsible for this soul? Is she mine! What a burlesque is life! For simple personal pleasure this soul was created, and it may live to curse me. I find her incompetent to even wait on me in my premature age, not only unable to supply the needs of a wasting body, but of a repressed, wistful, throbbing heart."

FORM II.

The same house, the same room, the same wife and mother. It is a bright June day. Maud is asleep on a pretty couch. The old lady, seized with a great loneliness and longing for human companionship, watched her daughter's slumber in silent wistfulness. The warm sun poured in upon the sleeper; there was no one there but the mother to watch every tint of her complexion. The mother exclaimed to herself, "What magnificent golden hair!" The brilliant rays illumined it and the girl's large heavy-lidded blue eyes with shafts of tawny orange. "How like I used to look," she thought. "And was I selfish, and careless to my mother?" She knew she was not and her heart bled for the might-have-been sweet soul, upon whose red-lipped mouth and bright clear skin the sun lingered lovingly. Maud awakened and her mother's reverie was pleasantly interrupted.

Her mother had longed for her company, her love, and though Maud had pre-arranged a little drive with a friend, begged of her to remain with her just for a little while. "You're old and dull, Mama dear," said Maud thoughtlessly, "and you know I promised to go with Laura." So with a hasty touch of lips they parted. Once more alone. This was only adding zest to the unhappy wife's despair and the words, "You're old, you're old," wrung her very soul and seemed enameled in fire on the retina of her eyes, where they dwelt with oft-repeated pangs. Back to the old arm-chair she went, still musing, and settled the soft cushions around her head, feeling a strange exhaustion, and in pathetic reverie sat in the loving embrace of a chair, leaning on its generous if unsympathetic shoulder.

"If I could be taken away by the great good God, and my husband and children thought I were dead, would it teach a lesson of a lifetime? Would it give me the love I crave? Would they call me blessed when I was gone? Oh, to die! to die!" Poetry filled her soul and she said:

"Every dream we thought was lost,
Every hope we thought was crossed,
In Heaven shall be fulfilled."

Suddenly all is changed. Her heart wells with the fullness of indefinable satisfaction. Every yearning and want of love is gratified, and ineffable sweetness fills her whole soul. The hungry, aching heart is satiated, and she is thrilled with every sweet approval and loving look. Her pulse weakens; the room darkens, and the silver cord is loosed, the spirit has returned, and the soul opens its eyes free from flesh, asking: "What, oh what is this? I am dead."

FORM III.

The same room; changed, no mother's soul there. The heart has succumbed from sorrow overmuch. "Not dead! Speak! my mother. O, mother! mother!" moaned Maud in bitter anguish of heart.

"My wife, my heart, myself, my life, gone! The woman of my life and joy gone!" said her husband, knitting his brow with an agony of pain.

The husband and family stand around a dead. Dismay has for a time paralyzed all faculties. Her two sons stand by in sombre silence and act as if ashamed to weep, for to them tears seem demeaning to manhood. The slender green fronds of a large palm occupying a corner near the door glisten as the wavering flames from a small fire burning on the hearth rest capriciously upon them. Outside nature sympathizes with the scene. The trees creak and roar with quite a wintry sound, and great tumbled masses of purple clouds heap themselves in the heavens. The soul of him who had never been a tender husband nor an indulgent father was now engulfed with sorrow, evoking intensely soft shrieks such as the winter wind makes in a ruined castle. Ah! Ah! They had all trodden aside by side silently with one whom they loved dearly. Seized with that pathetic reverie which is given only to that which will not return, that pain, in fine, which numb despair and gloomy melancholy bring on, all from their hearts cry too late! too late!

Is there no consolation for their poor souls? No. Only to awaken every day with the sad longing that their love might have found some expression, in approving looks, in soothing words, in loving deeds, in tender kindness. But she, the mother, the wife, the woman, needs not now the much misad ministrations, for she is satisfied.

Montreal.

C. D. CLIFFE.

Backers of Nature.

Physician—Doctors, you know, merely assist nature.
Layman—Especially when one endeavors to escape the debt of nature.



No. 31—Prince Gustav and Princess Dagmar of Denmark, with their mother.



No. 32—The Empress of Germany with her sons.



Winterbloom—Don't you think \$200 is rather high for a tailor-made gown? Von Blumer tells me his wife paid only \$150 for hers.

Mrs. Winterbloom—True, my dear, but she got hers before I got mine.—LIFE.

Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL

By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Court," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

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PART IV.—CHAPTER I.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

"Mrs. Longford West at home?" asked Mr. Harry Barkstead, dismounting from his horse at the hall door of Filby House, a rambling two-story mansion surrounded with gardens in which close-clipped lawns and ornamental yews were quaint and restful features of the place.

"Yes, sir," said a smart footman, with the servile courtesy of a town servant.

"Dobbs, put up my horse for an hour; give him some oats," said Harry, addressing Mrs. Longford West's head groom, who was passing in the direction of the stables.

"Yes, sir," said Dobbs, taking charge of a chestnut that was just beginning to show the effects of a hard gallop, his neck wet, his mouth white with foam.

"A word with you, Mr. Barkstead," said Mrs. Cooper, the housekeeper, who appeared on the scene as the hall door closed. "This way if you please."

Harry followed Mrs. Cooper, beating his leather breeches just a little impatiently, and she led him into her own room in the kitchen wing of the house. Here she turned on him a face paler than anger.

"What is it, Mrs. Cooper?" said Harry.

"Stop your visits to the lodge, and put no more of your verses into the alder tree by the ten-acre meadow, d'ye hear?"

"Does Jessie object to my visits and my verses?"

"I object to them."

"But I don't go to the lodge to see you, nor do you inspire my verses, Mrs. Cooper."

"No, but if you go to the lodge again to see Jessie you'll see me," said Mrs. Cooper, her lips white with passion, her hands trembling.

"Shall I? Then I won't go again, Mrs. Cooper."

"God knows if the mischief is not already done," was the reply. "If it is, look to it, Mr. Barkstead. If the girl is but an orphan, she is not without friends."

"I hope not," said Harry.

"And Norfolk's not without law either, for that matter, and Justice Barkstead, though he's your father, will hardly see even his son bring ruin upon the helpless and the innocent, though if report does not wrong you, there's many a girl that could accuse you."

Having mastered her first emotion, Mrs. Cooper found her words came freely, and the more she said the more she felt she had to say.

"Indeed," said Harry. "Did Mrs. Longford West know that you were going to honor me with these pleasant remarks?"

"No, sir, but I dare say she knows you well enough not to trust you any further than she can see you. She can take care of herself."

"Oh, you think so?" said Harry. "Shall I tell her what you say? Is the position of housekeeper at Filby House so poor a place that you can afford to throw it away? Or have you feathered your nest so well that you are thinking of retiring with some happy man into a snug little tavern, 'good accommodation for man and beast'?"

"I can afford everything, Mr. Harry Barkstead, but to see my motherless niece go to the bad without an effort to save her."

As she spoke she drew a necklace from her pocket and flung it at his feet.

"And there's the bauble you gave her. Take it and put it round the neck of some other squire who is foolish enough to listen to your honeyed lies and promises."

"Very well, since you wish it," said Harry, fishing it from the floor with his riding whip.

"Ah, I don't doubt ye," said Mrs. Cooper, opening the door in reply to Mrs. Longford West's bell. "Good morning, Squire Barkstead, the mistress is waiting to receive you."

"Look here, Mrs. Cooper," said Harry. "I look over your rudeness, firstly, because you are in anger, and secondly, for the sake of your pretty little niece. Good evening."

As he closed the door Mrs. Cooper flung herself into a chair and burst into tears.

Mrs. Longford West was a rich widow. She had been twice married, and scandal said she ought really to have been thrice a widow, though she was only five and thirty and did not look her age within some years. Blonde, blooming, ample of bust and figure, just tall enough not to be dumpty, she was the picture of health, and had a free and hearty manner that made men happy and at home in her society, and most of her lady visitors ill at ease, not to say uncomfortable.

She brought from her house and society in town the unrestrained manners of its looser social circles, and enjoyed the confusion they created among stranger guests who called upon her for the first time. Nevertheless she managed to make herself popular in the country. She gave freely to everything and to everybody; to the church, the races, subscribed liberally to the hunt, patronized public institutions in a generous way, and so managed to keep on visiting terms, if not with all the best families, at least with such of them as were met before the public.

Sir Anthony Barkstead was her nearest neighbor, and she made a great point of conciliating his prejudices and opinions as far as she was able; for, truth to tell, she and his gallant and highly educated son and heir were on the very best of neighborly terms; indeed, there were those who thought it even possible that Mrs. Longford West, if anything happened to old Sir Anthony, might live to be Lady Barkstead. They who allowed themselves to speculate so far ahead in regard to the future of Mrs. Longford West, did not know the disposition and character of Harry Barkstead.

"Well, so you have returned, my dear Harry," said the lady of Filby House, giving him her plump, generous hand to kiss. "You are more quixotic than I think if the Western city had not some other attraction for you beyond

seeing that poor young clerk of Potherick's off to sea. Perhaps you had an engagement in Bath, eh?"

"No, I assure you, my dear Libby," said Harry, taking the smiling, unresisting face of Madame between his hands and kissing the white forehead, "pure friendship, on my honor!"

"Swear by something more reliable, my dear Harry," said the lady; "honor is for serious, sober men, when they have sown all their wild oats."

"Do you say so?" Harry replied, sitting by her side on a rather uncomfortable Italian couch; "you ought to know."

"You are a brute, Harry," said Mrs. Longford West, "a perfect brute. What do you mean?"

"That you are the most charming of widows and the most generous of friends," said her visitor, "and I desire to ask the most delightful of her sex to accept a souvenir of that city of the West, which is distinguished because it is the neighbor of the Bath where first I had the honor of meeting Mrs. Aylesbury Norton."

"You are very cruel, Harry; you know I hate the name of Norton. However I came to marry into such a family, heaven only knows; I never should if I had met dear Longford West before my young heart was ensnared by Aylesbury Norton."

"And to think it is only five years since all this happened, and I was sowing my first sack of wild oats as you would say, when I danced that first cotillon with you."

"Don't talk of time; it was made for men who have not the wit and women who have not the beauty to defy it."

"You certainly have both the wit and the beauty, my dear Libby. But here it is—that little souvenir; they are famous for Eastern gems and antiques at Bristol they say. I bought this in College Green—it belonged to an Indian Princess."

He opened a richly embossed case and drew forth a quaint brooch with a diamond set in pearls.

"There—do not say you are not always in my thoughts, and believe me when I add that I could not go to Bath for thinking of the happy days that can never return."

"My dear Harry," said the lady tenderly, "you are always the same, sweet, irritating, dear good fellow. It is a lovely brooch; thank you so much—and you may kiss me."

Harry put his arms about the ample waist and took his reward heartily, declaring that he did not know what under heaven would happen to him if he should lose his dear, dear Libby.

"Ah, Harry, you have said the same thing to many another woman," was dear Libby's rejoinder.

"No, on my—well, on my soul," he replied.

"I suppose you must be forgiven, young men will be young men; but one day you will have to settle down, you know—and oh! dear Harry, what shall I do then? Unless—but there, it is not Leap Year."

"Only one year to wait," said Harry. "But don't let us talk about settling down; if I am not called upon to settle up I shall not mind."

Do you remember what the poet says in the tragedy? 'Widows know so much.'"

"You are a wicked scamp," said Mrs. Longford West. "Widows are poor, libeled, innocent creatures; their only fault is that they are too tender, too forbearing with the men; self-denial is their only fault. Take poor me for instance. To save my life I couldn't help confessing that I love you—why should I, when you know it?"

"My dear, good, generous Libby," exclaimed Harry, taking another kiss from the full, liberal lips of his hostess, and then rising to go.

"Why so soon?" she asked.

"Business, dear," he said; "business of importance at Yarmouth; a personal message to the chief magistrate from Sir Anthony."

"Truly?" she asked.

"Truly," he replied. "May I ring for Dobbs to bring my horse?"

"Oh, yes, if it must be so," she replied.

Harry rang, the horse was ordered, and guest and hostess were about to part when Harry said, "By the way, the girl at the lodge—Jessie; Mrs. Cooper seems to think that a little civility I paid the girl has turned her head—the truth is—"

"Only a little civility?" remarked Mrs. Longford West, with a strong note of interrogation.

"My dear Libby, now that is unkind; you know I am fond of gardening and that your man Dunn has no rival as a florist. I am sure Sir Anthony would give him any wages if he were free, which of course he never will be so long as his mistress loves flowers, and he glories in making Filby House the paradise it should be with such an Eve—I mean such a goddess."

"Now I know there is something wrong, Harry; you are paying compliments for the mere sake of talking; what is it?"

"Well, between ourselves, that is exactly what I asked Mrs. Cooper, who desired a few words with me as I came in; and all I could gather was that she wished me not to look in at the lodge any more. I hate mysteries, as you know, so I thought I would mention it; one gets the reputation of being a gallant, however unworthy one is of the title—a Lovelace, as an old fool of a guardian once called me in the park—and it is all over with a fellow. Ah, well, one day, as you say, the oats will all have been sown; meanwhile, dearest Libby, au revoir!"

"The reprobate," said Mrs. Longford West, "the scamp, the prodigal! Oh, you goose, Libby Longford West—you idiot, you foolish Charles! You cannot help loving him; they may, indeed, truly say that the first sign of love is the last of wisdom!"

CHAPTER II.

HE CALLED IT LOVE.

It was a glorious day in September—the roads hedged with hips and haws and gay with

browning leaves. The sky was bright, the wind was fresh. Sportmen were in the stubbles and the turnips. The crack of their guns was heard afar, and the light whiffs of smoke from their burnt powder marked the occasional groups of gunners following the poor brown coated partridge. Harry was in high spirits. He might have been riding forth on some right worthy mission, so merry was he, talking to his horse, singing snatches of old ballads, laughing now and then, and returning the greetings of passers-by with a bright, cheerful face that more than one mischievous wench turned round to gaze upon, but never unnoticed by the distinguished-looking young horseman.

"I'd not walk'd in that garden,
The past of half an hour,
When there I saw two pretty maids,
Sitting under a shady bower.
The first was lovely Nancy,
So beautiful and fair,
The other was a virgin,
Who did the laurel wear."

He trotted out Zacheus Webb's favorite song in a jovial, merry way, and later it pleased his mood to chant a snatch of The Miller of the Dee, giving more particularly full emphasis to "I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me." The trot of his horse suited the measure of the rhyme, and the cheerfulness of the day was in harmony with the song.

"A dare-devil," said the toll-gate man to a carter, who made way for the young squire.

"None more so, I've heard say," was the carter's response; and Harry, pulling up his horse to gather a sprig of honeysuckle, which he stuck into his button-hole, toasted the women, as Charles toasted them in Sheridan's famous comedy:

"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flunting extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty."

He was encouraging his low ambition; the ambition of the gallant, the libertine, the deceiver of women. His best impulses presenting themselves in opposition now and then, he beat up ribald songs or started selfish thoughts to keep lust and passion in the van. He was like a savage on the war-path, beating his tom-tom and shouting his war-cries. He regarded women with but little more consideration than the sportsman he had passed regarded partridges. Both were game to his mind, and his mind was common in those days among bucks and dandies. Such men counted their conquests as the North American Indian counted his scalps. There are similar creatures walking about disguised as honest men in these days, and will be to the end of time; for God makes such things, unless it is as Miriam suggested in the poem, that "The devil slavers them so excellently that we come to doubt who's strongest, He who makes or he who mars."

It is hardly conceivable that Harry Barkstead, fresh from seeing his friend off on a long sea journey and charged with sweet and tender messages to the girl who was pledged to be David Keith's wife, could contemplate the villainy that Mephistopheles instigated in Faust; a villainy indeed a thousand times blacker, and yet a villainy not altogether wholly inspired of the devil or of Barkstead's own depraved mind, but half inspired by the girl herself; half encouraged by her coquetry, her vanity of conquest, her ambition to be admired, her love of dress, and her consciousness of physical charms calculated to attract and therefore the more necessary to be guarded, the more blessed to have for the bestowal upon a true and pure love.

He called at Hartley's Row, having promised David that he would do so. It would please Miss Mumford, the boy had said, and Mildred Hope would be the happier for his courtesy; they would also be proud to see him. Oh, yes, he called. They were both there, Mildred and Sally, both looking equally sad. He cheered them with good news, told them of the fine ship David had been lucky enough to sail in, spoke of his comfortable berth, and made some sentimental remark about the ship's name that quite took Mildred Hope, who felt for a moment in her heart—great heart—in a small body—that after all Mr. Barkstead might not be so callous as she had feared. The Morning Star! Yes, it was a name of happy omen Harry repeated; he hoped Miss Hope would forgive him for quoting a poet, who was not popular in religious circles but who really was not wholly bad; it was from the Glaiour—

"That was a form of life and light,
That seen became a part of sight,
And rose, when'er I turned mine eye,
The morning star of Memory."

"You don't read Byron, of course, Miss Hope," he went on. "I suppose Mr. Crabbe is more to your liking?"

"I don't find time to read much," said Mildred, turning her serious eyes full upon him.

"But I have read Mr. Crabbe, and I know Aldborough. His books are quite recognized, I hear, in London. We know little of them here, where we should know them best."

"Rather prosy to be called a poet," said Harry, "but means well."

"No doubt," said Mildred.

"I suppose you will be going to Mr. Webb's, sir," remarked Miss Mumford.

"Well, yes," said Harry. "I thought of riding over now; my first business in Yarmouth was to call and see you, and give you David's last messages—his love, you know, and best wishes, and his desire that you should keep up good hearts about him, and so on; and then he charged me to tell Elmsa—Miss Webb, I suppose I ought to say—that he will look forward to his return as the happiest day of his life, and all the rest of it. You know the kind of thing a lad would say, Miss Hope, under the circumstances."

Harry's good spirits and the flippant way in which he delivered his messages, the gaiety of his manner, the foppishness of his velvet coat, his gold-headed riding whip, his clanking spurs, were out of harmony with the feeling of the two women, and a kind of rebuke to their environment.

Poor Sally Mumford, her heart full of love and anxiety for David; and Mildred Hope, all sympathy for her friend, and with that deeper unspoken love for the lad that Sally only half suspected; they found no ready response to the young squire's messages and comment. There was an awkward pause, during which he tapped his pearl-buttoned gaiters and said he



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must go now, his mare was a little fretful, and he thought he must give her a rest at the Norfolk, and drive over to Calster with his messages to Zacheus and Miss Webb. Did they think he should find them at home?

Mildred thought Zacheus would be fishing. She saw the Scaud off Gorleston in the early morning, and the Yarmouth men had mostly put out the day before.

"And Miss Webb?" said Harry, "have you seen her?"

"Not since Sunday," said Mildred; "she was at church."

"In a fine new gown," said Miss Mumford, "and a hat fit for a duchess."

"You don't approve of Elmsa's fine feathers," said Harry.

"There's time and place for everything," said Sally, "and with David away I must say I did think the girl he has engaged himself to might have considered it in her hat and gown."

Sally spoke a little impulsively, set on to be critical, not so much on account of Elmsa's finery as by reason of the something flippant and thoughtless, to say the least, in the manner of Mr. Barkstead's remarks about David.

"But young ladies, and especially pretty ones, Miss Mumford, have a license in the matter of their toilette, and Miss Webb always dressed a little above her station."

"More the pity," said Sally.

"David likes to see her in pretty gowns," said Mildred, addressing her friend Sally, "and she has taste, everybody must admit that. Poor Elmsa, she has a good heart, and she is right to try and be cheerful. Did you notice how well she sang in the fisherman's hymn, as they call it—a supplication for those at sea?"

"Oh, I have nothing against the dear child," replied Sally, regretting the words she had spoken. "Give my love to her, Mr. Barkstead, if you see her, and me and Miss Hope have it in mind to pay a call to-morrow, and perhaps she will come to tea on Sunday after church. But I will ask her that myself. And you need not mention that I thought her too gaily dressed; it might hurt the girl's feelings, and heaven knows I don't wish to do that."

"I'm very unhappy," said Sally, when Barkstead had jangled his spurs along the Row, and mounted his horse, "about Elmsa. I am afraid this young man is heartless, and I never believed in the truth of his friendliness for our dear David. It's an awful thing for a girl to be without a mother; and that Charity Dene's no good, not a word of sense. As for Zacheus, why, he's away for hours and sometimes for days; what's to hinder a designing young man like this reckless prodigal squire, with his fine manners and his grand ways, from making a fool of the lass, when she meets him half way with her vanity and fallacy?"

"Comfort you," said Mildred. "Elmsa has far more sense than you think. Besides, she is proud, very proud; in such a girl pride is a good thing, and she loves her father; furthermore, she is engaged to be married."

"I don't care, I wouldn't trust her out of my sight if I was her mother, or her aunt or foster, or whatever it might be; she knows little more than how to do her hair and wear her clothes, and she gives her mind to that only to meek folk gossip and set the men a staring. You talk of her singing in church; didn't you see every young fellow there, as we come out, stare at her, and some of the old ones too? And she just knew all about it. I've no patience with such ways, and especially when everybody knows that our David, poor lad, is gone to sea and would break his heart if he thought she gave cause for a light word to be said about her while he was away. It's bad enough when he's at home to look after her."

"Poor David! poor Elmsa!" was Mildred's response; "we must pray that God will guard the motherless child. I will go and see her every day; she will often listen to me; there is much good in the girl's heart."

"And much vanity," said Sally. "I fear David, with his trusting soul and his faith and honor, has sorrow in store there—yes, I do."

Then Sally began to cry and Mildred made an ingenious feminine effort to soothe her; and all the while Harry Barkstead was making his way to Calster, not driving, as he at first intended, but sitting in the stern of The Swallow, which he had found at the jetty with one of Webb's men, bound for the cottage with some fish and groceries and other trifles that Zacheus had ordered him to procure and deliver at the old house on the dunes, with a message that he "mought or he mought not come ashore, as the case mought be."

It was sunset by the time The Swallow ground her keel upon the shore at Calster. A light mist was stealing over the hillocks. The sea was sighing along the sands in long low waves. Harry assisted the fisherman to haul up the boat. Charity Dene came down

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from the cottage, her apron over her head. She was main glad to see the squire, and mighty sure as Miss Elmsa would be the same.

"Miss Elmsa had been that lonely she'd lighted a fire in parlor and set her a-practising of the spinet, and they'd a-been expecting of Mistress Mildred Hope; so in the meantime Miss Elmsa was playin' of herself and had been a-singing only just that minnit, as she was a-hopin' her father 'ud be comin' later on to supper."

And sure enough, while they were walking up to the garden gate Elmsa's voice was heard faintly, and she was singing,

"'Twas down in Cupid's garden
For pleasure I did go,
To see the fairest flowers
That in the garden grow."

Elmsa had heard that Harry Barkstead had returned, but it cannot be said for a certainty that the fire in the parlor, the new autumn dress, the bunch of flowers on the table and the song of Cupid's Garden were for him. At the same time it was reasonable to expect he might call; and David would like his friend to be sittingly received.

Harry bestowed upon the hand put forth to greet him a long, lingering pressure; and when Elmsa protested that he would be shaking all night, he heighed and exclaimed, "Ah! if it might be forever!"

Then he leaned pensively against the window and looked out into the garden, and likened the drooping and frost-smitten flowers to his own blighted hopes.

"You for ever evaded it," she said.

"Oh, yes, be angry."

"You always say so; I think I shall be angry."

"How should I be angry?"

"If I had, says you are."

"That deep 'Upon you'?"

"Oh, don't into the other odd, and she said."

"Is she?"

"Says I'm such a gentleman."

"I am infatigable."

"Oh, she's before me later!"

"How late?"

"If you're for it?"

"No, sir, hand upon it."

"I have said."

"Don't you the present?"

"Elmsa, she had them upon her as of course."

"Oh! that said, but he pressed left him she."

"Charity, some news?"

"Keith, and room and floor."

"After a long he must go, to Miss Webb she had a he."

"Has she himself as Yarmouth."

"do so after well! the cling your dash Dene must!"

He—How year!

She—How He—Oh, She—Then with twenty!

Through Car To

The West Union Station, a.m. Return 5 p.m., arriving days leaves

He—How year!

She—How He—Oh, She—Then with twenty!

Through Car To

The West Union Station, a.m. Return 5 p.m., arriving days leaves

Elmira said she was sorry that parting with David had made him so sad.

Harry in reply said he envied David almost to hating him.

Elmira did not ask for David's message, but remarked that she did not know why Harry should envy David. The gentleman born did not usually envy the lad who came of ordinary parents and had his way to work in the world. Elmira said this with a little laugh of derision.

Harry replied that love leveled all ranks, and that beauty elevated the lowliest swain, and with other fine phrases gradually brought Elmira round to thoughts of Harry and not of David.

It is true they did speak of David. Every now and then Harry would drop a word or two of news from Bristol—how happy David was at going while in his place he (Harry) would not have left the woman he was going to marry for all the gold of an Eldorado. But David was a practical fellow; he was like the happy common people; he thought of a house for his love with some bits of furniture; was as happy as Tom, the fisherman, sitting with his Poll on his knee the day before the wedding. David sent all kinds of fond messages; oh, yes, he did that; so did one of the sailors send his love to Jimmie by a rough chap from Cardiff, and there was very much of the same kind of vulgar sincerity in David's messages. "Tell Elmira I know the sort of house she likes; tell her I mean to take her to London for the honeymoon—poor chap, he would be like a fish out of water in London—'ah, well, he's a good boy, means well, and really believes he is in love.'"

After a little while, Elmira, who had begun by being somewhat prim, sat down by Harry, on the old chintz-covered sofa, and permitted him to hold her hand as he described London to her, and Cheltenham, and Bath, and then chatted on Paris and the German spa, dropping in a sighing regret that girl's would be in such a hurry to get engaged to be married, before they had seen the world and knew something of life. Marriage brought troubles and responsibilities; all very well, of course, when a girl had enjoyed herself a little. And besides, how did a girl know whether she was really in love with a man until she had seen some examples of the sex? Fancy any girl, with any pretensions to beauty, confining her choice to Yarmouth!

"And passing by the handsome and fascinating Harry Barkstead," said Elmira, laughing.

"If Harry Barkstead hadn't been such a fool as to let his friendship for a conceited boy stand in his way, the prettiest girl in the county of Norfolk would have been in his arms at this moment."

"And who may she be?" Elmira asked, with a flash of her dark eyes.

"Oh, your witch!" Harry exclaimed, slipping his arm round her supple waist and kissing her, "you will drive me crazy."

"I think you are already a little gone in that direction," said Elmira, struggling to her feet, her face flushed, but without anything like anger in her eyes.

"Elmira, I love you! I know I am a scamp to say so; I know it is an outrage on friendship; but I can't help it!"

"Oh, Harry!" was Elmira's only answer, though she moved away from the intended embrace that was meant for the conclusion of his declaration.

"You forgive me, don't you?" he asked, as she evaded his touch.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I don't see how I can be angry."

"You always knew I loved you?"

"How should I know when you never told me?"

"If I had, would you now be engaged, as he says you are, to David Keith?"

"That depends."

"Upon what?"

"Oh, don't ask so many questions. Come into the other room; Mrs. Dene will think it odd, and she is always joking me about you."

"Is she?"

"Says I like you best, and think you are such a gentleman!"

"I am infinitely obliged to Mrs. Dene," Harry replied.

"Oh, she is a great admirer of yours."

"Before we go, Elmira, may I come again later?"

"How later?"

"If your father does not come home."

"No, sir, certainly not," said Elmira, her hand upon the door.

"I have so much to say to you."

"Don't you think you have said enough for the present?"

"Elmira," he said, gliding up to her before she had time to move, and laying his hand upon her arm, "say you don't hate me."

"Of course I don't," was the reply.

"Then say you love me."

"Oh! that is a very different thing," she said, but her eyes encouraged the kiss that he pressed silently upon her lips, and as she left him she reluctantly the pressure of his hand.

"Charity," she said, "Mr. Barkstead has some news for you from your friend Mr. David Keith," and then she went hurriedly to her own room and flung herself upon the bed.

After a long talk with Mrs. Dene, Harry said he must go, and he wished to say good evening to Miss Webb; but Elmira sent him word that she had a headache and he must excuse her.

"Has she relented?" Harry was saying to himself as he walked along the road towards Yarmouth. "I've known impulsive women do so after the most promising interview. Ah, well! the chief pleasure of capture is in playing your fish. Once fairly hooked, Mrs. Charity Dene must help me with the landing net!"

(To be continued.)

Her Limit.

He—How many dresses would you require a year?

She—How many could you let me have!

He—Oh, say about ten.

She—Then I think, dearest, I could get along with twenty-five.

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A Warkworth Miracle.

The Happy Termination of Years of Suffering.

Mr. H. Crouter Relates an Experience of Great Value to Others—Life was Becoming a Burden When Relief Came—A Druggist Expresses His Opinion.

Warkworth Journal.

Not long ago a representative of the *Journal* while in conversation with Mr. N. Empey, druggist, drifted upon a topic which appears to be of general interest not only to this locality, but throughout the country; we refer to the wonderful cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Newspaper men are not possessed of more curiosity than other people, but they have a feeling that instinctively leads them to investigation, and in the course of our conversation we asked Mr. Empey whether he thought the sales of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are really as large as claimed for them. The answer was that judging from his own sales he was well assured that Pink Pills are the most valuable, the most reliable and the most successful proprietary medicine extant. In answer to the query as to whether there were any noteworthy cures in this vicinity, Mr. Empey promptly responded, "Yes; many people have been greatly benefited by the use of Pink Pills, and I know of one case in particular worthy of being recorded. The case to which I refer," continued Mr. Empey, "is that of Mr. Crouter, brother of Rev. Darius Crouter, who some years ago represented East Northumberland in the House of Commons. Mr. Crouter was suffering from nervous affection and the after effects of la grippe. He had not been able to do anything for two years, was unable to eat, as he could not hold a knife or fork in his half-paralyzed hands. He suffered greatly from cramps in his arms and legs, and had a continual feeling of coldness. One day Mr. Crouter made enquiry concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I advised him to try them, and the result is that he has entirely recovered his health."

Having heard this much the *Journal* determined to interview Mr. Crouter, and get from his own lips the full particulars of his illness and remarkable recovery. We found Mr. Crouter at his home in the best of health, and enjoying an evening smoke after a day's toil in the woods. When informed of the object of our visit, Mr. Crouter said he was glad to bear testimony to the wonderful value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a remedial agency.

"The original cause of my trouble," said Mr. Crouter, "I date back a good many years. When I was nineteen years old I drank a glass of cold water when overheated, which proved a most injudicious act on my part. I was sick for thirteen months and unable to work, and since that time until recently, I have never had what you could call a well day. Two years ago I had an attack of la grippe which nearly cost me my life. My legs and feet were continually cold and cramped, and I could get little or no sleep at night. It was impossible for me to eat with a knife or fork and I was forced to eat with a spoon, and you can understand what a burden life was to me. One day I read in the *Journal* of a remarkable cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I made up my mind to give them a trial. I sent to Mr. Empey for a supply and before the first box was entirely gone I could notice that they were helping me, so you may be sure I continued their use. When I began using the Pink Pills there was such a numbness in my feet that I could not feel the floor when I stepped on it. As I continued the use of the pills this disappeared; the feeling returned to my limbs, the cramps left me, I felt as though new blood were coursing through my veins, and I can now go to bed and sleep soundly all night. I have taken just twelve boxes of Pink Pills and I consider them the cheapest doctor's bill I ever paid. When I got up in the morning instead of feeling tired and depressed, I feel thoroughly refreshed, and all this wonderful change is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Although I am seventy-one years old I can go into the woods and do a hard day's chopping without feeling the least bad effects. I have now so much confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I intend shortly beginning their use again, this time as a spring medicine, for I believe they have no equal for building up the blood and I strongly recommend them to all sufferers, or to any who wish to fortify the system against disease."

Mr. Crouter has lived in this vicinity for forty-five years, and is well known as an upright, honorable gentleman, whose statements can be fully depended on in every particular.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a never-failing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, rheumatism, neuralgia, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling arising therefrom. These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. As a remedy for building anew the blood, enabling the system to successfully resist disease, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand far in advance of any other remedy known to medical science. Pink Pills are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, giving a rosy, healthy glow to pale or sallow complexions. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for

Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Out of Tune.

"Singin' is a curious, uncertain kind of performance," said Uncle Jed Hawkins to Aunt M'ri, his wife. "There's ben times, off'n on, when I've wished the Lord hed seen His way to givin' me a singin' v'ice, an' then there'll come times, like to-day, when I'll be real grateful that sech powers was denied me. For I presume I say I shouldn't re'ize when I'd lost my purchase on 'em, any more'n other folks do."

"I reckon you've ben hev'in' a taste of your sister Alvir's singin', over t' Cyrusville this afternoon, ain't ye?" said Aunt M'ri, surveying her spouse with a critical glance.

"I hev," replied Uncle Jed, "an' it was considerable wuss'n common."

"It don't seem scussally possible," responded Aunt M'ri.

"Well," said Uncle Jed, "you see the trouble lays jest here. Alvir's piano that Brother Pete sent her, twenty-four years back, come Christmas, was a good article, but it's hed a powerful lot o' wear—what with the children kind o' developin' their muscles on it, an' so on—an' as you're knowin' to, it ain't ever been tuned."

"I should jedge not," said Aunt M'ri.

"Well," proceeded her husband, "Alvir's v'ice, I say late, has sort o' formed itself to suit the instrument. Where there's ben notes on the piano that was kind o' queer-soundin', Alvir has cultivated her v'ice, as ye might say, to chime right in with 'em. An' it's sounded pooty far to me. I know jedges o' music, like you, ain't ben satisfied with it," added Uncle Jed hastily, "but to Cyrusville folks it has sounded pooty far."

"An' this afternoon when I stepped in to see Alvir, she says, 'Jed, there's been a tuner here in Cyrusville, an' I hed my piano tuned, an' I jest want you to come in an' hear me sing to it.'"

"So we went in to the fore-room, an' she set down an' begun to play 'Joys that we've tasted,' which has allus ben a great favorite o' mine. Well, the instrument sounded fine. I never hed sech a good notion o' the opening bars o' that piece before. An' then Alvir begun to sing."

"I callate my ears ain't as sensitive as some," said Uncle Jed modestly, after a short pause, "but my sakes alive! I thought I should go ravin' crazy before she finished the first verse. Her v'ice was patterned on the old way the instrument sounded, jest the same as ever, an' I s'pose she was so kind of wrapt up she didn't notice the difference; but there was time when it was wuss'n draggin' a pencil back'ard over a slate—or anythin' else you can think of," added Uncle Jed recklessly.

"How d' you think 't would be," he asked, after a moment's silence, "if we was to invite Alvir over here for the day, an' I was to hire that young man to on-tune the instrument back to where 'twas?" He looked dubiously at Aunt M'ri.

"Couldn't be done," said she.

"Well, then," groaned Uncle Jed, "Alvir's singin' will hev to be give up, an' I shall have to be the one to tell her, as the children are all married off, and Eli's as deaf as a haddock. As I remarked when I begun, this is one of the times when I feel to be grateful I wasn't born a singer."

"Still," said the old man regretfully, "when you come right down to the root on't, it jest shows—Alvir's case does—that piano tunin' ain't sech a good thing, by an' large, when all's said an' done!"

Upon this remarkable view of the subject, Aunt M'ri, with unusual forbearance, made no comment.—*Youth's Companion.*

Ungrateful Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones has just had a birthday. It marked an epoch in his life, and in that of Mrs. Jones, too, and neither of those excellent people will be likely to forget it very soon.

Mrs. Jones had been mysteriously busy embrodering something which she kept wrapped up in oil cloth. Then at times her eyes would fall on Jones with a sort of tape-measure glance, as if taking dimensions and questioning whether something would fit. Smiles of satisfaction would also chase each other across her face as she gazed.

"I wonder what she's up to," mused Jones, "a four-in-hand for me to hang myself with, or another smoking-jacket only fit to be buried in. I do hope Providence will avert any such calamity."

He changed his mind and took up another course of thought, when Mrs. Jones asked him which he would prefer, could he have his choice, a gold-headed cane or a rosewood revolving desk.

"Maria's been saving up her money," he said to himself. "I'm in luck this time."

The morning of his birthday came, and at breakfast Mr. Jones found his present in a small package at his plate. He unrolled it savagely, and saw a blue satin ribbon with red letters and some clasps attached.

"You've always needed one, dear," said Mrs. Jones, as she regarded it with admiring eyes.

"What is it?" growled Jones, "what's the name of the object?"

"It's a napkin-holder, Jephtha. You put the band around your neck—"

"Not if I know it!"

"And the silver holders—"

"They won't hold me!"

"Keep the crumbs from—"

"What are these letters?"

"They are French, dear—"

"Oh, the English language gave out, did it?"

"And wish you bon appetit."

"Bone what?"

"It means good appetite, you know—"

"No, I didn't know! And if you think I'm a pug to be rigged up in harness you're away off, that's what."

"But it's only to wear at meals," apologized Mrs. Jones.

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"I'm out of the bib age, Mrs. Jones, for good and all."

"I think you're very unkind, Jephtha," retorted Mrs. Jones; "it's a real shame!"

"I should say it was, Maria. Look at me," continued Mrs. Jones savagely. "D'you suppose I'd sit here and eat with that bonaparty thing around my neck! Not much! I can make a fool of myself in one language, but I ain't going to do it in two."

Mrs. Jones sobbed as she laid the relic away in the china closet, while Jones muttered feelingly:

"Another household idol smashed into smithereens!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Study of Race Habits.

Traveler (crossing the continent)—I don't believe that old fellow over there is a real Indian.

Conductor—Oh, but he is.

Traveler—Well, I just offered him a drink of whisky or a five dollar bill for some of his truck, and I'm blest if he didn't take the money.

Conductor—That's the way with them Indians when they're drunk.

Well Up, But Not Posted.

Mr. Lofty (on twenty-sixth floor of the Eyrre, to elevator boy)—Good morning. Just come up.

Elevator boy—Yes, sir.

Mr. Lofty—What is new in the city?

A Better Way of Putting It.

"Miss Keedick wants the earth," exclaimed Miss Bleeker.

"Yes," replied Miss Emerson of Boston; "she seems ambitious of torrene ownership."

A Humane Principle.

Dumley—Mrs. Markham gave me precedence of Dayton. I led the way in to dinner.

Benton—I heard her explain to Dayton that you looked hungrier.

Ho! Traveller take BEECHAM'S PILLS with you.

Nicely Said.

Hostess—I hope you are observing Lent this year, Mr. Holloway?

Holloway—Yes; I'm sorry to say my only form of dissipation in Lent is dining, and dinners are so dull.

Testing his Honesty.

Your druggist is honest if when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

A Family Friend.

"I'm sorry I couldn't keep my engagement with you last Tuesday," said Miss Keswick to Miss Barlow, "but Jupiter Pluvius interfered."

"Why, I didn't know you were acquainted with the Pluviuses," replied Miss Barlow.

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway have now on sale round trip tickets at very low rates to southern points, including Old Mexico and California. The only line that can take tourists via Detroit through St. Louis and Kansas City and return them via Chicago and vice versa. Finest equipped trains on earth, passing through six states of the Union. Spend a winter in Mexico, the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs; finest climate and scenery in the world and older than Egypt. Time tables and all information about side trip at new ticket office, north-east corner King and Yonge streets. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto.

Why.

May—Why do you go abroad so early in the year?

Grimes—Well, I hear they're going to put a stop to pauper immigration and I want to marry a duke.

Two Flyers of New York, via Picturesque Erie Railway.

Something every person should remember: Time is money. You can save money by purchasing your tickets via one of the greatest double track roads of the United States. Leave Toronto at 12.50 p.m., arrive at Buffalo 5.50 p.m., and leave Buffalo 7.30 p.m., and arrive in New York at 7.30 a.m. You can also leave Toronto at 11 p.m. and connect with the Erie flyer at Hamilton, which is a solid vestibule train through to New York. Dining-room cars attached to all trains for meals. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 9 York street, Telephone 103, Toronto.

Taking Chances.

Jim Faro—I'm in luck. I got five hundred last night on the ace o' hearts.

Cracksey Bill—Dat's nothin'. A fren o' mine cracked a jewelry crib las' week an' got a thousand on a tray o' d' mon's.

New Facts About the Dakotas

is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

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Headache, get CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Music.

THE Schirmer-Mapleson concert on Friday and Saturday of last week, at the Academy of Music, were events of no ordinary interest. The company consisted of Mme. Schirmer-Mapleson, soprano; Signor Berthold-Barron, tenor; Signor Sartori, bass; and Mr. Isidore Luckstone, pianist and director, all of whom created a very favorable impression, notwithstanding the fact that their programmes were rendered with piano accompaniment throughout, the absence of adequate orchestral support being an unfortunate drawback in each of their four concerts. The skillful manner, however, in which the piano was manipulated in the accompaniments by Mr. Luckstone, was a subject of much favorable comment, his work in this capacity being admirable. Chief interest, of course, centered in the prima donna, Mme. Schirmer-Mapleson, whose voice may be described as a pure soprano, somewhat light in quality perhaps, but of great flexibility and good compass. In florid work she shone to excellent advantage, her runs being characterized by a charming clearness and crispness. As encore pieces the prima donna delighted the audience by quaint renditions of well known ballads, among them "Coming Thro' the Rye" and "The Last Rose of Summer." Mme. Mapleson's voice is particularly well adapted for light opera, it lacking the dramatic qualities which one expects in heavier works. It is hoped that she and her company will soon be introduced to a Toronto audience in some light opera with the support of chorus and orchestra.

Mme. Mapleson's support gave unqualified satisfaction, this being especially true of the tenor Signor Berthold-Barron, whose splendid lyric tenor voice is one of the finest heard in Toronto for some time. His solos were greeted with great enthusiasm on his every appearance, and he may fairly be said to have divided the honors with the prima donna. Signor Sartori, the basso, also was accorded a hearty reception, one of his best efforts being the Torredor song from Carmen. Mlle. Thea Dorri contributed much to the enjoyment of the different concerts, both in her solo and concerted work displaying a mezzo soprano voice of rich quality in a high state of cultivation. The quartette numbers rendered by the company were admirable examples of ensemble singing. On Friday afternoon, besides the miscellaneous numbers on the programme, the third act of Faust was given in costume and with scenery. On Friday evening the second act of Martha was contributed, and at the Saturday matinee and evening performances the third act of Faust was again presented in response to a general request. In addition to the accompaniments, Mr. Luckstone played several pianoforte solos in a most brilliant manner, including an arrangement of the William Tell overture at the first concert and numbers by Liszt and other masters at succeeding performances.

The rather slim attendance at the Wagner Festival on Tuesday evening last should not, perhaps, be regarded as evidence of a pronounced lack of musical appreciation or culture on the part of our citizens. The many counter attractions no doubt prevented many from attending who would otherwise have been present, still it is regrettable that so artistic an event should have been so poorly patronized. The concert certainly was one of the grandest ever given in Toronto, being particularly interesting on account of the number of Wagnerian excerpts which had not previously been heard here. To the music student the programme offered a feast which is seldom to be heard in America outside two or three of the largest cities. The educational value of this concert made it all the more regrettable that it should have been held during the holiday season, when hundreds of students were absent from the city. The numbers which had not previously been heard in this city were Isolde's Liebestod, from Tristan and Isolde—one of the most magnificent tone poems ever created—the quintette from the third act of that glorious opera, the Meistersingers, and the first scene of the third act of The Walkure from the Nibelungen tetralogy. All these works were superbly rendered under Herr Seidl's baton, it being plainly evident that his world-wide reputation as a model interpreter of Wagnerian music has been honestly earned. Some of the numbers given, particularly the highly dramatic one from The Walkure, suffered through being performed as concert selections. Those who have heard the marvelous prelude to Parsifal in Bayreuth will have been impressed with the absence of that mystical sensation caused by the music as performed in the Wagnerian theater, although Mr. Seidl's interpretation of the work left little to be desired. Amid the glare of a concert-room the effect of this composition depends entirely upon its value as an example of absolute music, and while in this respect it is worthy of the great master who created it, one can readily understand his desire that it should never be performed excepting when associated with the music drama of which it forms a part. The least satisfactory performance by the orchestra was the Siegfried music Waldweben, this being hardly up to the standard of the other selections. The orchestra was assisted in several of the numbers by an imposing array of vocal talent, of whom Miss Emma Juch and Miss Amanda Fabris were the shining lights. Miss Juch's voice appeared to me to have lost much of its dramatic power since her last appearance here. Notwithstanding this she gave a delightful interpretation of Elia's Dream from Lohengrin and sang with splendid effect in the thrilling scene from The Walkure. The celebrated duet from Lohengrin, between Elia and Ortrud, was very effectively rendered by Miss Fabris and Miss Maurer. Another delightful specimen of ensemble singing was the beautiful quintette from the Meistersingers, which was sung by Misses Fabris and Stein and Messrs. Ferguson, Stephens and Viviani. The ladies who took part in the remarkable scene from The Walkure were Miss Juch, Mme. Carola Riegg, Mme. Elizabeth Northrop, Mme. Adele Baldwin, and Misses Amanda Fabris, Marie Maurer, Lucy Osborne, Sarah Lovin, Gertrude May Stein and Flora

Bertello. The concert, as a whole, was a memorable one in the musical annals of Toronto and one which, I trust, will be repeated under more favorable auspices in the near future.

The same evening witnessed the first of a series of six performances of Chassagnac's comic opera Falka in the Grand Opera House at the hands of the Harmony Club. As might have been expected a full house greeted the performers, notwithstanding counter attractions of no small importance. The music of the opera is essentially French in character, being light and vivacious, full of piquant melodies, which, although not remarkable for originality, are well adapted to the text. The plot is replete with absurd and amusing incidents, and taken as a whole the work was well chosen. The cast on Tuesday evening was as follows:

Falka.....	Miss Minnie Gaylord
Edwige.....	Mrs. Peterson
Julia.....	Mrs. Nicholson
Alexina.....	Miss S. Seymour
Minna.....	Miss E. Howard
Fo'bach.....	Mr. W. F. Rochester
Tancred.....	Mr. Geo. Dunstan
Arthur.....	Mr. W. E. Rundle
Pelican.....	Mr. E. R. Ricketts
Blesias.....	Mr. W. E. Grier
Konrad.....	Mr. W. M. Fahey
Tekel.....	Mr. Geo. Wilson
Baboki.....	Mr. R. G. Pagley
Senechal.....	Mr. R. G. Pagley

The following ladies and gentlemen took part in the choruses: Misses Bostwick, Crawford, Chadwick, Canniff, Cassells, H. Cassells, Madge Dodds, Horetaki, Hedley, N. Hedley, Jaffray, Kelly, C. Kleiser, Lowndes, L. M. Lysh, Newbigging, Palmer, Parkyn, Paterson, Pringle, Scott, Thomson, and Walker, and Messdames F. Cox, Dunstan, Farnis, Gibson, and Pringle, and Messrs. Adam, Boulton, Beatty, Beakbane, Colshelm, Chaytor, Caniff Duggan, Fahey, Ford, Gibson, Grey, Grescon, Hulme, Kelly, Lowndes, Minty, Muntz, Mair, Macdonald, Nelles, Parkyn, Perse, Ritchie, Stovell, Rex Stovell, Sweatman, Snow, Wilson, Wills, and Warde.

The performance of the opera may be regarded as an advance upon any previous efforts of the club in its eight or nine years of existence. Some of the parts, indeed, were rendered in a manner which would have reflected credit upon professional artists of long experience, this being particularly the case with the singing and acting of Miss Minnie Gaylord. This young lady was most enthusiastically received, being several times encored. Miss Seymour, Mrs. Peterson and Mrs. Nicholson also acted and sang their parts remarkably well. The gentlemen were equally successful. Mr. E. R. Ricketts created considerable amusement as Pelican, his acting and make-up being excellent. Mr. Geo. Dunstan as Tancred was uniformly successful, albeit he showed a tendency at times to a lack of earnestness. Mr. Rochester, the stage manager, showed himself possessed of considerable ability and gave an admirable impersonation of the role of Fo'bach. Mr. Rundle as Arthur also proved himself the possessor of considerable vocal and histrionic ability, being particularly successful in his duet with Miss Gaylord. The other gentlemen likewise did their parts exceedingly well, and the performance as a whole reflected the greatest credit upon the energetic conductor of the club, Mr. E. W. Schuch, whose arduous labors for months past were justly rewarded through the admirable impression made by those who had studied the work under his baton. The opera was repeated on the succeeding nights of the week, to end with a matinee this afternoon and a final performance to-night. An entire change of cast was provided on Wednesday evening, notice of which will be given in our next week's issue. The officers of the Harmony Club, under whose auspices the above work was produced, are: President, Mr. Albert Nordheimer; vice-president, Mr. E. H. Daggan; treasurer, Mr. Geo. Dunstan; secretary, Mr. W. H. Cawthra; committee, Messrs. Geddes, Kirk, Fahey, and Coborn.

The first concert by the Hecker children in Association Hall on Tuesday evening was attended by an audience in which the enthusiasm and delight created by the wonderful playing of this most clever family were entirely out of proportion to the small number who were present. The Wagnerian Concert in the Pavilion and the Falka performance in the Grand Opera House proved counter attractions of sufficient interest to divide the concert-going public between them, leaving but a small number for other entertainments. The violin playing of Carl was a remarkable example of precocity, in which there was a wonderful maturity of style and technique for one so young. The piano solos of Misses Stella and Bertha were rare treats in which no allowance was necessary on account of the tender years of the little girls. Vocal solos were also contributed and the concert was a most enjoyable treat to all present. The youthful artists performed at the same place on Wednesday evening to a somewhat larger audience.

The Good Friday concert at the Bloor street Methodist church was very largely attended by an audience who gave many manifestations of delight at the good programme prepared for their entertainment by the energetic organist and choir-master of the church, Mr. T. C. Jeffers. The work of the choir on this occasion reflected very creditably upon that organization, being worked by good quality of tone and balance of the different parts as well as an excellent regard for expression. Two anthems deserve special mention, namely, Soldiers of Christ Arise, a martial composition by Mr. Jeffers, and an unaccompanied part-song, The Silent Land, by Gaul. The choir was assisted by Mr. Harold Jarvis of Detroit, tenor, and Prof. S. H. Clark of Chicago, elocutionist, each of whom appeared at his best and received the hearty applause of the audience. The solo talent of the choir, consisting of Miss Ida Hatch, soprano, Mr. R. J. Kirby, baritone, and Mr. J. Bilton, tenor, added much to the enjoyment of the evening by their excellent rendition of the various numbers allotted them. The concert, as a whole, may be considered one of the most successful yet given in the church.

Another excellent Good Friday concert was that given by the choir of the Sherbourne

street Methodist Church. The large edifice was filled by an appreciative audience who thoroughly enjoyed the programme presented. The chorus work of the choir was excellent and shone to special advantage in Mozart's O God, When Thou Appearest, and Handel's We Never Will Bow Down, from Judas Macabeus. The soloists of the choir also created an excellent impression through the uniform good quality of their singing. These were: Mrs. Helen Wright and Mrs. Fred Cox, soprano; Miss Authors, alto; Messrs. Rundle and S. Jarrow, tenors, and Mr. Fred Warrington, baritone. One of the most pleasing numbers on the programme was Mrs. Wright's rendition of the solo, Eve's Lamentation, with flute obligato by Prof. Arledge, which was enthusiastically encored. Mr. Sparrow's tenor solo also scored a great success in the recitative and aria from the Creation, reflecting credit upon himself and his teacher, Mr. Warrington. Miss Authors sang The Wide, Wide Sea with much feeling, and Mr. Rundle gave a pleasing rendition of a recitative and aria from the Elijah. Mr. Warrington was enthusiastically received, as was Mr. Churchill Arledge, who contributed several flute solos in his usual skillful manner. Variety was lent the evening's proceedings by the clever recitations of Mr. Owen Smily, who appeared in excellent form in his various numbers.

Mrs. George Tate Blackstock, who is well known as one of the most intelligent and liberal patronesses of music in the city, has given further evidence of interest in the art by offering to present a medal, annually, to the pupil displaying the highest degree of skill in the classes of extemporization which have been established at the Conservatory of Music this season. The graceful act will do much to awaken interest in a branch of the art which is but too little understood in this country.

The Easter work of our city church choirs this year may be regarded as an advance over some other seasons which have preceded it. At the Metropolitan church selections from the Redemption were given on Good Friday, air from the Messiah and other works on Easter Sunday. The Episcopal churches made an unusually good showing, particularly the Church of the Ascension, the Cathedral, St. George's, All Saints' and the Church of the Redeemer. Elm street and Sherbourne street Methodist churches also presented interesting programmes, and the Jarvis street Baptist church choir rendered appropriate choruses and solos from the Messiah and other standard works. In several of the Roman Catholic churches orchestras aided in the services with excellent effect. Perhaps the most comprehensive service prepared by any church choir was that given by the choir of the Church of the Redeemer on Tuesday evening of last week, when Dr. Lee William's beautiful cantata, Bethany, was produced under the direction of Mr. Walter H. Robinson, the capable choir-master of the church. The singing of the choir on this occasion gave evidence of much careful preparation and a thorough grasp of the work in hand. The choruses were rendered in admirable style, both as regards quality of tone, intonation, etc., and the precision and ease with which the composition was given. Mr. Robinson's effort might be imitated to good advantage by some other of our leading choirs. The benefit to be derived by the study of a complete work is no small one and should be an annual affair with all aspiring choirs.

Lovers of pianoforte music will do well not to miss the treat in store on Tuesday next, when Miss Nelly Stevens, the brilliant pianist, gives a recital in St. George's Hall. Miss Stevens recently played in Columbus, Ohio, before a large and critical audience, and among other press comments concerning her success there I clip the following extract from the *Despatch* of that city: "Miss Stevens' execution and powers of expression seem to be without limit. She plays the most difficult passages with the greatest confidence and ease, and her playing is imbued with a personal magnetism that makes it wonderfully attractive even to the uncultured ear. She is a magnificent artist and a beautiful woman." There are only a limited number of seats available for this recital. These can be procured at the piano warehouses of Messrs. Goulay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge street.

Mr. Phillips Jacobl has just returned from a trip to New York and Boston, during which he regaled himself with a feast of the good things in music which flourish in these two Eastern cities. Mr. Jacobl while in Boston took a run to Worcester, at the invitation of Mr. T. H. Mason, and had the privilege of an inspection of the magnificent vocal manufacturing in that city, owned by Messrs. Mason & Rich of Toronto. Mr. Jacobl is enthusiastic over this complete establishment, which is being pushed by Canadian capital and enterprise, and spoke in highest terms of praise of the splendid results attained by Messrs. Mason & Rich in developing the vocal industry. Mr. Jacobl also furnished me with a detailed description of a grand vocalion furnished for a wealthy Boston gentleman, and which through the influence of Mr. Mason he was permitted to see and hear. This instrument, which cost the enormous sum (for a reed organ) of \$5,000, is beyond doubt the grandest specimen of reed organ construction in the world and a marvelous example of the possibilities in the development of this class of instrument.

On Thursday evening, April 13, a concert which promises to be one of the most attractive local events of the season will be given in Bond street Congregational church. The Toronto Ladies' Quartette, whose first appearance it will be at a church concert, will sing three quartettes, a trio and one or two solos. Violin solos will be contributed by Miss Ivy Kerr, a promising young violinist. Miss Minnie Clark will read two selections, and the choir of the church, under the leadership of Mr. W. S. Jones, will sing the Gloria from Mozart's twelfth Mass and the Infirmatus from Rossini's Stabat Mater, the soprano obligato in the latter being taken by Miss Matthews. Admission will be by silver collection of ten cents and upwards.

Mr. E. W. Phillips, the talented organist of St. George's Episcopal church, has been

awarded the first prize in the part-song competition inaugurated by the Toronto Vocal Society. I heartily congratulate Mr. Phillips, more especially so since the contest is said to have been keen, being participated in by many leading Canadian musicians. The production of this composition at the forthcoming concert of the Vocal Society will not be the least interesting event of a superb programme. Mr. Phillips will in all probability be invited to conduct this number, a courtesy usually extended on such occasions.

I have received from Mr. William Reed a programme of an organ recital by him in the American Presbyterian church on April 1, and the order of service at the same church on Easter Sunday evening. Mr. Reed is well known as one of the finest solo organists in Canada and his choir has the reputation of being second to none in the Dominion. Both programmes furnish proof of Mr. Reed's versatility and of the high standard which he maintains in his work in the Canadian Metropolis.

I have received from Mr. A. M. Read, St. Catharines, a programme of his work at St. Thomas's Episcopal church on Easter Sunday. Mr. Read has worked hard to maintain a choir in the City of the Saints which shall compare favorably with leading organizations in Toronto, the "great musical center." It is gratifying to know that his efforts in this respect have been rewarded with success, and that in some of the smaller cities of the province the general standard of church choirs is not behind that of our own city with all its superior advantages.

The next two concerts to be given by the Philharmonic Society under Mr. Torrington's baton, with full chorus and orchestra, are now ready. The first will consist of Handel's beautiful cantata, *Acis and Galatea*, with miscellaneous vocal and instrumental selections, on Thursday, April 20. The next will come early in May, at which Sullivan's *Golden Legend* will be rendered. Subscription lists will be open for a few days at Nordheimer's and the College of Music, and it is hoped that amid the multitude of musical ventures of more or less excellence that the parent society will not be forgotten but will receive a liberal support. Those whose names are not already in should subscribe at once. MODERATO.

A concert in aid of the Trinity Cricket Club will be given in Convocation Hall, Trinity College, on Tuesday evening, April 18. The Banjo and Guitar Club will be assisted by Dr. Crawford Scadding, Miss Ridley, and others.

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Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

dows of our ambitions must seem as lonely and feeble we see ourselves left behind in the race. We reach out our hands and they touch nothing but the cold dripping wall which separates us from the future. To such as this how welcome must be the open door which leads down to the ferry, and if there only be a light across the river how blest are they!

The opening of the new Parliament Buildings was quite a festive affair, and I think it will be generally agreed that the building is a useful one and worth the money which it at present appears to have cost. Outside I think it is a painful piece of architecture, for it is of no style nor class. Domes cover some of the smaller portions of the structure, while a sort of a Queen Anne roof finishes other portions. I do not know very much about architecture, but it does not seem to me that the styles go well together; the whole exterior looks as if it were incomplete and had been covered over, waiting the time when funds could be found to finish the job. I imagine that this is really the fact and that somewhere in Mr. Fraser's desk is a drawing showing how the building will look after another half-million is spent on turrets and gables, and that sort of thing. I am told, too, that large as this useful building is, the rooms will be all used and more will be asked for. I think I can safely predict that inside of ten years our Parliament building will really be a stately pile, when the sawed-off places which give the building such a runty, incongruous look will have been completed.

A hundred years ago the parliament of this province was a very small affair, and it is to be regretted that it is still such a very small affair in many respects. The business of the province, however, is large and the building is thoroughly utilitarian; nothing has been sacrificed to give it style. It is built for the doing of business and the light and ventilation are both excellent. I know of no building of equal size and cost in which the designer has taken such pains to make the building useful, and for this the Hon. Mr. Fraser and his architect should be thanked. The Parliament buildings in Ottawa were sacrificed in order to carry out a special line of architecture. In Toronto there has been no such sacrifice made and the members and Civil Service will gain in health what the architecture has lost in beauty. Nor are the present buildings lacking in a certain grandeur of interior; there is largeness and airiness which cannot fail to be impressive. The grand staircase, the like of which I have seen nowhere else, is imposing; the Legislative Chamber is large and airy and well lighted, and almost hideously decorated. However, the men who sit there will live longer than those who are cooped up in the dungeon at Ottawa. I think that unless the facts have been concealed from us Ontario is getting the worth of her money in the new Parliament buildings, and though I am no friend of the Government I think it is in poor taste and belonging to bad morals that a building so economically constructed and so well adapted to the purpose for which it is designed, should not be commended to the public as an example of the honesty and definiteness of purpose which have characterized the Hon. C. F. Fraser in his management of this important public work. If men are not praised for what they do well, or if at least there is no appreciation shown when they have done right, we can hardly expect those who serve us to do as they should. Of course ministers of the crown should always be honest, and effort should be made that every public building should be economically and wisely erected. But such morals not always prevailing, partisanship should not prevent an acknowledgment that Mr. Fraser has been frugal almost to meanness, honest to a fault, in supervising that useful but architectural monstrosity in the Park. I feel, however, like putting in a saving clause, and that is that we shall never know really how the public money of Ontario has been expended until there is a change of government. I most sincerely distrust the majority of the Government. It has been so long in existence and is so carefully organized that compared with the conduct of the officials who represent the Government through the counties, the Parliament buildings job seems too honest altogether to be genuine. However, as we see it we must speak of it, and aside from its religio-political partisanship there is not a man in the Ontario Government in whose ability and integrity I have as much confidence as in that of Christopher Finlay Fraser, and until he ceases to be a member of that Government the Reform party, and the Conservative party for that matter, will never know how strong and upright a man he was. The office-seekers and favor-hunters of his own religious creed fear his uprightness more than that of all the other members of the Government put together. Strange as it may seem, it is not to Mr. Fraser that Catholics go for comfort and appointments. He is larger than the sectarianism which seems to have kept him in place; he is colder and more stern in his integrity than any of his much praised colleagues, and because of his integrity those of us who disagree with him in many things should occasionally go out of our way to do him honor.

While interested in schemes necessary to our internal development, Canadians cannot lose sight of the negotiations now being conducted in Paris with regard to the Behring Sea and the seal fisheries, in which we claim to have a share. In negotiations such as this the United States has always used the most scandalously unfair means of accomplishing their ends; again they are exhibiting themselves as a nation of charlatans and cheats. If President Cleveland does not rebuke the men who have been using false translations in order to gain their purpose, I shall be surprised. Of one thing we may rest assured, the Canadian commissioners are loaded to the muzzle with facts and I think when the result is announced the Yankees will again admit that the Canadians are too sharp for them. It was only before Canada took an active part in these negotiations that our Yankee neighbors were able to fool Great Britain. I reckon that now we are able to attend to our own business, and

with the backing of Great Britain Brother Jonathan will be unable to ring in any forged maps or queer documents *a la* Ashburton treaty. In the light of this present business, does it not seem necessary to Canadians that they should have a consular service of their own? Great Britain intends to do right by us, but British officials do not know how to do our business. Is it not pretty nearly true that we attended to it ourselves? The cost might be considerable but the profit would be great.

Don.

April 1st.

"All fool's day" for 1893 is a dead letter and time alone can tell the changes that will be wrought before its 1894 anniversary. The origin of universal fooling on this particular day of the year is shrouded in mystery, but of course as usual we find some—and these same people never lose an opportunity—who see, or pretend to see in this relic of past ages, a scriptural mockery, and as such put a very firm foot upon the ancient custom, but that their number is on the wane is a matter at which those amongst us who can enjoy a joke will rejoice. If a business life is worth the living surely we may have a little innocent amusement introduced into our daily routine at least once a year, and as long as this amusement does not cause any physical pain—there I draw a very broad line—nobody is the worse, and in fact I am of opinion that such a custom tends towards breaking social restraint among a given community. Among the many good jokes around town this year, Mr. Callaway's cycle stands supreme. The Canadian Pacific Railway offices at 1 King street east were thronged with curious people during the forenoon of Saturday last, and all thought the "implement which played no important part in the construction of the Transcontinental Line"—an innocent-looking wheelbarrow—a very fine joke. I say all, but am sorry I must again make exception to this statement, for here once more the proverbial croaker makes his appearance. One man—shall I call him a man—was heard to say he "would not travel over the C. P. R. lines again." Well, perhaps he will not, but should his eye meet this, let me call his attention to the fact that every time he puts himself to any inconvenience in the matter of accommodation or connections to ride over a rival road he is making a perpetual fool of himself, and, if I may be allowed to use a vulgar but very forcible expression, will therefore "be cutting off his nose to spite his face."

For my own part I am fully satisfied with the accommodation afforded me by the Canadian Pacific, for its rolling stock is the finest in the world, and after this company have made such strenuous efforts to advertise Canada at the World's Fair I think it is the "duty" of every loyal Canadian to stand by the road, and in saying "Canada first" add a little rider to the effect that Canada and Canadian Pacific are one, for such in truth is the case, the destiny of the one is the destiny of the other. To return to my subject, 1893's April 1 will be marked on Toronto's local calendar as one of its red letter days, for every class of people visited 1 King street east then, and I met many people there I had not seen for months. To a foreigner this was a splendid opportunity to witness some of our national characteristics and I heard one remark that "we were a nation who could appreciate a joke," so we may pride ourselves upon the absence of the "one idea" individual in our midst. For my own part I never laughed so heartily for a long time, but April 1, 1894, Mr. Callaway, you will have to try another scheme, but thank all the same, sir, for this year's laugh.

Putting On Airs.

It is never wise, as it is never kind, to "put on airs," and when those persons who endeavor to clothe themselves in vast superiority come to grief it is seldom that they succeed in obtaining any special sympathy in their discomfiture. A well known American artist was last summer sketching in the galleries of the Louvre in Paris. Being at work he had, of course, something of the appearance of being a *habitus* of the place, and as such he was several times addressed by the visitors.

On one occasion he was approached by a couple of ladies, one of whom asked:

"Can you tell us where to find the statue of Cupid, and—"

She paused, in the evident hope that he would help her out, but he had heard the name Psyche pronounced in so many ways that he was curious to see what would be made out of it now. The visitor, finding that he would not pronounce the name, turned appealingly to her companion, and the other lady said with much briskness:

"Why, of course you know; the famous statue of Cupid—and the person who is with him."

There was a very different air about the lady who one day haughtily said to the artist:

"Will you be so kind as to direct me to the statue of Catherine de Medici?"

"The statue of Catherine de Medici?" he repeated in some perplexity. "I don't remember such a statue."

The smile of the visitor was more superior than ever as she replied:

"Oh, it is one of the best known statues here. I supposed that any artist would know where it is to be found."

There was so much scorn in her accents as she pronounced the word "artist" that the gentleman was at once amused and annoyed.

"I am an artist," he said, "but I cannot help you, unless it might be that you have made a mistake, and it is the Venus de Medici you are looking for."

The expression which came over the face of the superior questioner was both ludicrous and self-betraying.

"Why," she stammered, "it was a Venus de Medici that I wanted, of course. Do you know where that is?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, smiling, "any artist can tell you that!"—*Boston Courier.*

No Terror for Him.

"Your money or your life!" said the highwayman, punctuating his demand with a cocked revolver.

"Shoot if you want to," replied Cossett. "I belong to the suicide club."

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Miss Mills, who has her dressmaking parlors in the Dominion Chambers, has just returned after a ten days' visit to New York.

The Proper Thing.

"What do you think of the dead languages by this time?" asked Dumquizzle of his son, who had spent a term at college.

"I think they ought to be buried," replied the young man.

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Broadcloth and doe skin have absolutely disappeared, and the rich, hard woven diagonals have given place to the rough finished Cheviot and Venetian finished worsteds that have been the universal rage in London and New York.

The present mode of the make up requires that the lapels of the coat should be faced with heavy black gros grain silk, but tailors who consider fine points of fit line the body of the coat with satin de chimes, as the satin fits closer and firmer and the coat slips on easier.

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Varsity Chat.

PERHAPS the most noticeable feature of the farrow number of the *Varsity* is the summer idyl entitled *One Night in a Ball Room*, an amusing skit from the clever pen of Mr. G. A. H. Fraser, M.A., '89, who is now occupied in imparting a classic culture to the youth of the State of Montana. Mr. Fraser begins his article with a strikingly appropriate quotation from Sophocles, which, however, as he was writing for the amusement of his fellow-students, he felt there was no necessity to translate. But evidently what begins most alluringly in the writer's memory and gives the sportive touch of a reminiscent romance to his whole account of the evening's pleasure, is the recollection of that sail home in the moonlight. That kind of thing is very pleasant, but it is dangerous, especially in view of certain "fine spun theories of the ancients," which are apparently quoted as a personal justification. When the journal appears next year its staff will be as follows: Editor, J. H. Brown, '94; business manager, K. D. W. McMillan; assistant business manager, J. MacArthur; associate editors, fourth year, Miss Durand and Messrs. S. J. McLean, D. M. Duncan, B. A. C. Craig, H. P. Biggar, and W. M. Bultbee; third year, J. L. Murray, J. A. Tucker, and W. J. Reeve; second year, A. J. Stringer, E. M. Lawson, D. McFayden, and P. J. Robinson; School of Practical Science, J. S. Dobie. This array of talent certainly seems to promise that the literary tastes of the subscribers will be well catered to. They must bear in mind, however, that this year's management has set them a high standard of excellence, and if the reputation of the journal is not to be lowered their position will assuredly be no sinecure. Two more sub-editors, one of each sex, are yet to be chosen by '95. Victoria College and the School of Medicine will also be asked to send representatives to the governing board. By steadily pursuing this policy of enlargement, the paper aims, and successfully aims, to live up to its ideal of being "a journal of literature, university thought and events."

Mr. J. A. McLean, B.A., '92, has again received the appointment of fellow at Columbia College. Mr. McLean is to be particularly congratulated, as he was the successful candidate from a large number of applicants.

When it is considered that our students are all of an age at which they should be in the prime of health and strength, the death roll this year has been a sadly large one. The latest addition to it is the name of Mr. James Landsborough, an undergraduate of the University, of Knox College. Last October he went to South Carolina, in the hope of benefiting his health, but finding himself growing worse he returned to his home at Sessforth, where he died. He was an able student and a man of kindly, genial disposition, and when the news of his death reached his former companions the expressions of regret were universal.

Mr. G. H. Ling, of the class of '93, has been offered a fellowship in mathematics at Columbia University, New York. He will join the exodus in October.

The elections in the Mathematical and Physical Society resulted in the election of the following officers: President, Mr. A. T. DeLury, B.A.; first vice-president, Mr. J. J. Brown, '94; second vice-president, Miss M. L. Robertson, '94; secretary, Mr. F. A. Saunders; corresponding secretary, Mr. G. W. Rindler; fourth year councillor, Mr. D. S. McLennan; third year councillor, Mr. D. J. Rusk; second year councillor, Mr. A. L. McLeish.

"K" company, it appears, is not to be allowed to die. An active canvass among its members has resulted in inducing no less than sixteen private, one sergeant, and two lieutenants of the old *Varsity* boys to remain on the roll and many more have promised to join as soon as they have disposed of the incubus of the annual examinations. A special recruit class is now taking extra drill with a view to getting into shape for the outing on May 24. Mr. W. A. Scott of Wycliffe College has qualified and been appointed a sergeant, while Mr. W. A. Gilmour, '93, has been promoted to a lieutenant.

Two hundred and forty ex-students presented themselves for examination this year in medicine. Before the application of Toronto Medical College, the average number of candidates was twelve or fourteen. This enormous change certainly indicates a growing appreciation of the scientific advantages which the Provincial Institution can offer.

The examinations for L.L.B. begin on April 24, and the blackboard in the corridor is now ornamented with Registrar Brebner's intimation that he is prepared to receive applications. The comparative disfavor with which this course is regarded shows no signs of abating. Students who have taken their B.A. in the department of Political Science may now obtain their L.L.B. by one year's further study, while those who have been graduated in any other department are compelled to take three extra years if they wish to obtain a degree in law. This unfair discrimination has driven many *Varsity* men to take their law courses at Queen's, and this tendency to estrangement from their *alma mater* appears to be on the increase.

The Athletic Association has chosen Mr. J. D. Webster as president, Mr. D. M. Duncan, vice-president, and Mr. J. C. Breckenridge, secretary.

As soon as the lawn is sufficiently dry the Cricket Club will begin practicing. The following schedule of matches has already been arranged: May 25, East Toronto; May 27, Parkdale; May 30, Upper Canada College; May 31, Rosedale; June 2, Hamilton; June 3, Ridley College; June 5 and 6, Trinity University; June 8, Galt. The greatest of these fixtures is, of course, the contest with Trinity. The club expects to muster an unusually strong combination this spring and have great hopes of making a break in the somewhat monotonous series of defeats which of late

The Origin of a New Species.



Visitor—But who is that burly individual standing there? Brakeman—Oh, that's Brute Brady! The men have him around to punch the Grand Master if the strike fails.—Puck.

years have been inflicted upon them by the students from the sister university.

Serious difficulties have arisen in the management of the Association Football Club. Some time ago Messrs. D. M. Duncan and W. E. Lingelbach were chosen as president and captain respectively. Rumors were circulated to the effect that these gentlemen had secured their election by unfair means, and they forthwith resigned. This action brought things to a crisis, as it was evident that unless good feeling was restored the efficiency of the club would be seriously impaired. A meeting was held and Messrs. Duncan and Lingelbach were unanimously urged to retain their positions. This, however, they declined to do, and a new election was held. This time Mr. W. Macdonald secured the presidency, while Mr. W. E. Lingelbach was again named as captain. A good deal of ill-will has been stirred up by the affair, and some time will have to elapse before the boys will again be able to live together in harmony. Messrs. Burns and Hendry will represent the club at the city meeting for scheduling next season's matches.

As soon as the fittings for the large room arrive from Akron, Ohio, the gymnasium will be formally opened. The total length of the building is one hundred and sixty feet, by fifty-four feet in breadth. The running track is twenty laps to the mile and surrounds the large room, about ten feet from the floor. The swimming tank is forty-eight feet long by eighteen feet wide, is made of solid cement and varies in depth from seven to four and a half feet. The two bowling alleys are each sixty-five feet in length. Two hundred lockers are being put in and space is left for as many more. The building faces the new athletic grounds, which are expected to be fenced in and a grand stand erected thereon by October 1. A cinder path will surround the new grounds, a portion of which will be laid out for lawn tennis. As the senate has been graciously pleased to intimate that an entrance fee may be charged for games, all the athletic organizations expect that the coming season will enable them to place themselves on a sound financial basis. The formal opening of the gymnasium will be signalled by a bowling match between President Loudon and Professor Baker.

The Rugby Football Club has decided to enter three teams in the Ontario Rugby Union next fall: one in the senior, one in the intermediate, and one in the junior series. Messrs. A. L. McAllister and K. D. McMillan have been appointed to make arrangements as to the club's share of the gate receipts at the new grounds.

The Baseball Club will inaugurate its annual tour with two games at London, Ont., on May 24. During their trip they will visit Burlington, Vt.; Rochester, N.Y.; Ithaca, N.Y., the abode of Cornell University; Niagara, N.Y.; Detroit, Mich., and several other cities in Michigan and Wisconsin. They will return by way of Chicago, where they will constitute one of the chief features of the Canadian exhibit. The boys are rapidly getting into trim, and some practice has already been done. Regular outdoor work will commence as soon as the weather is warm enough to make it possible to hold a ball.

The Lacrosse Club has decided to cross the line this spring and exhibit their prowess amidst the haunts of the aborigine and the mugwump. Their schedule is not yet filled, replies having in fact been received from none but Cornell and Lehigh, but the secretary expects that the tour will comprise at least a dozen games.

Our bright little college weekly, the *Varsity*,

has issued its last number for the current academic year. Chief among the editorial comments which appear on its first page is one devoted to the humble compiler of this column of corridor gossip. To have incurred the indifferently expressed censure of the able editor, I feel, to have been stricken with a grave misfortune. From his infelicitous collection of words I gather that the editor imagines the strictures to which he refers were of a personal character. I can, however, assure him that nothing of such a nature was intended, and I regret if he has incurred any annoyance because of the paragraph. ADAM RUFUS.

Queen's College.

Good Friday passed off very quietly. Most of the students looked upon the release from lectures only as an opportunity for "plugging" at home. A holiday within ten days of the examinations is scarcely a holiday at all to most of us, but we are all living in lively anticipation of the day when the exams. will be a thing of the past, whether they be a thing of the passed or not.

Even the "Meds." failed to make things lively on the holiday, for though they had finished their written exams, the night before, the ovals were still before them. These, however, are now over, and nearly all those who are not trying the Council examinations have left for home. We trust that they may all be spared to return next fall to the sheltering wing of their *alma mater*, there to continue with unabated zeal their devotion to *Esculapian*.

Mr. R. J. L. Kyle, a medical student of '95, was summoned home by a telegram announcing the death of his father, and had to leave before completing his examinations. Mr. Kyle is one of our most genial as well as hard-working students, and he has the sympathy of all his fellow students in his misfortune.

The annual meeting of the Arts Society was held on March 23. The chief duty of this society is to collect from the students the money necessary for carrying on the work of the various athletic clubs, and for the maintenance of the reading-room. This society has suppressed the subscription list fiasco which made the lives of the students miserable a few years ago. The treasurer's report showed that all the art students but nine had paid their annual fee of \$1.25. There is on hand a surplus of sixty dollars, but half of this amount will be spent in effecting some improvements in the reading-room during the approaching vacation.

Appropos of the foregoing, we might state that the curators of the reading-room for next year have already been appointed by the *Alma Mater* Society. The following were appointed: W. W. Peck, W. L. Grant, E. Peacock, J. S. Shortt, J. McC. Kellock, D. McG. Gandler, J. R. Coun, T. Playfair, and the Postmaster for next session. The appointments were made thus early in order that the curators might arrange to have the magazines and other periodicals on hand when the session begins in October.

The Sunday afternoon address on March 26 was delivered by Rev. Dr. Gracey of Rochester, who came on the invitation of our Missionary Society to speak on some missionary topic. Dr. Gracey summed up the great principles that lie at the base of all the great pagan religious systems, such as belief in one supreme God, and in a Trinity, and then went on to show how Christianity was adapted to the needs of the whole race, and how it must be accepted when once the nations of the earth come to understand it.

The morning session attended strictly to

How is This For High?



"She is very High Church, isn't she?" "Why, she bows her head whenever the young rector's name is mentioned."—Laf.

BEST FOR WASH DAY.

SURPRISE SOAP

BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

business at its regular meeting on April 1, and several important matters were disposed of. A report was adopted recommending a change in the relations of the various athletic organizations to the society which will, it is hoped, prove very beneficial to all branches of college sport. A correct voters' list of the society containing the names of nearly twenty-five hundred graduates and students was presented by Mr. Best, chairman of the committee that compiled it. The athletic committee for next year was appointed, Mr. J. McD. Mowat being re-appointed as secretary. The new journal staff was elected also and a resolution carried to increase the size of the journal by four pages. The following staff will be in charge next session: Editor-in-chief, W. W. Peck; assistant editor, G. Gandler; managing editor, J. S. Shortt; business manager, A. Mitchell; assistant business manager, C. E. Wason.

RED, BLUE AND YELLOW.

Full of Rattlesnakes.

Prof. William Watts, assistant in the field for the State Mining Bureau, recently had an experience in Colusa county that made his hair stand on end.

"I went to Colusa county to examine a quick-silver mine, in company with another gentleman," he said, "and after a ride of a few miles into the mountains we reached our destination. The mine had been partially developed by a tunnel run in about one hundred and fifty feet, but work had been abandoned many months before."

"We had proceeded but a few feet into the inky darkness of the tunnel when I, being in the lead, struck a match to light a candle. No sooner had the light flared up than I heard the warning of a rattlesnake and saw a big fellow coiled up at my feet ready to strike, while further on I saw numerous other squirming reptiles. The match dropped from my hand as I jumped backward several feet."

"Bzzt! Bzzt!"

"Another snake sprung his rattle. I had landed directly upon the second snake and felt it wriggling under my feet."

"Bzzt, bzzt!" rattled another from the tunnel side just by my face, and the whole place seemed alive with the horrible things. The din created by their incessant, angry rattling was frightful. We got out all right, but were badly scared. Later a party was formed

to exterminate the big nest of snakes, and large numbers of them were killed. The unused tunnel was just the place for them to spend the winter months comfortably."

Prof. Watts kills rattlesnakes with his long-handled geological hammer, but says that when he strikes a tunnel full of them nothing short of a Gatling gun is of any use whatever. —San Francisco Examiner.



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The Vagaries of Love.

Continued from Page Two.

which was to alter the printed programme—or rather, alter the type before it was printed—and alter it you did. By getting in with one of the printers' boys you managed to carry destruction into the camp of the Palladines. The programme was to have read:

Address by Sir Abel Hardy, the Apostle of Freedom of the press and rights of the laboring classes.
God save the Queen.

and the way it appeared on the programme was:

Address by Sir Abel Hardy, the Apostle, etc.

God save the Audience.

Dion had changed one little word.

"No, he didn't," I replied rudely, and a trifle excitedly, as the scene stood vividly before my mind's eye. "Dion suggested it and enticed the compositor into the next room, whilst I did the deed, and I remember that it was so dark I could hardly see to do it, for the hour was late in the afternoon; but at length it was altered, and we both stood by and watched the pressman run them off—they had already taken a proof, and thought it was all right—and then accompanied the boy to the town hall and watched him distribute them through the seats. We didn't go to the meeting that night. We thought it safer not; but (you must remember Dion) what a rumour there was. Sir Abel couldn't get a hearing for jeers, hisses, and cat-calls, and next day a certain Colonel Potter was charged with the crime, and in spite of his eloquent protestations of innocence was nearly run out of town, whilst we, the hardened criminals, kept mum, and to this day I don't believe it is generally known who did it."

"What terrible boys you were," laughed Lena, as I stopped, breathless. "I wonder, looking me over carefully, 'if you have sobered down now—I don't think you have,' and she shook her head, the reflection not seeming to give her much cause for anxiety; rather the reverse, I fancied, for she gave a deep sigh of intense relief, and enquired about you, Dion."

"Bless the little angel," quoth Dion. "How I would like to see her again."

"Well," continued Herbert, "I told her that Dion had his *bete noire*, like the majority of people in this mundane sphere, and the bogey in this instance was the aforementioned Captain Terryberry. 'For, as you know, Lena,' I said, 'Dion is very much in love with cousin Rosie Varley, and I don't wonder at him. I would fall in love with her myself, if—'

"Oh, would you?" broke in my fair listener, with apparent interest. "Why don't you, Herbert?"

"I turned and looked at her doubtfully—she was gazing straight before her at some cattle in the meadows across the river, I imagined with disgust."

"I was going to say," I resumed, looking reproachfully at her, with just a tinge of petulance in my voice, "that I would fall in love with Rosie Varley myself, if my taste didn't run in another direction, and as I gazed into those liquid eyes, my own softened again."

"Yes, certainly," Lena remarked cheerfully. "It is quite natural for you to look upon Rosie with perfect indifference if your taste leads you elsewhere. 'O, the waywardness of woman, that surpasses such knowledge."

"My taste has led me elsewhere, and the object of my regard does not live a hundred miles from this spot," I said.

"No—o—o! But I wouldn't know her if she lives that far away. I know very few people outside of the county."

"My ire was visibly rising. 'I shouldn't wonder if you did not know her. Some people do not know themselves half the time, I remarked rudely."

"That's very true," answered Lena, while her eyes grew big like saucers. "I told you I was not sure of myself, and was that way often—very often—I'm that way now, I believe, and she looked at me interrogatively, as though as to the advisability of seeing a physician at once."

"You know perfectly well whom I mean," I said, with heightening color. "It is yourself, Lena."

"I," she said, with the nearest approach to genuine surprise that I ever witnessed. "Surely not; but how angry you look, Herbert. I don't think I like angry people," and she made a little grimace. "And there is the first bill for dinner; I must run and dress, and as we were now nearing the house, she sped up the gravelled walk and was gone."

"I must confess that for a period of seventeen minutes the air in my vicinity was blue—more sulphurous than ethereal, and I proverbially kicked myself, then I stopped, and started away on the other tack."

"Darling girl," I mused, as I betook myself to dress for dinner. "I believe I like her all the better for her little ebullitions of temper, and I know I am an ass to doubt her love for me for one moment. She said she loved me no one else, and I guess I stand about as good a chance as the next man, and I walked up to a mirror in my bed-room and surveyed my face and form with a concealed display of the liveliest satisfaction."

"Well, to cut a long story short, it did not take three months to convince both Lena and myself that, as friends, we might possibly agree to disagree on most subjects; but, as a married pair we would not have been a brilliant success. To tell you the truth, ladies and gentlemen, I am never done thanking my stars—and my cousin—that that conceivably married Charlie Fenwick instead of me, for in the latter event there would have been miniature European wars waged in the air at the time, accompanied by sundry stove lids and other domestic utensils that happened to be lying round handy."

"Since that time I have been timorous of making any further matrimonial ventures, and just content myself with loving all women, be they married or single, as one would admire an oil painting at a distance. I find it saves a heap of trouble."

As Herbert finished, Mabel Swinton, who understood the *roman* art much better than the rest of us, placed one hand gently on his arm and said in a low voice—there were tears in her eyes while she spoke:

"Herbert, I believe you love that girl still."

"No, I don't, my dear Mabel. Why should I?" he replied; but his voice was a trifle unsteady, and he looked another way. "But what does it matter now? She is happy and—so am I," and he laughed with his accustomed gaiety, and then jumping up, said dramatically, as he stretched his right arm towards the darkening waters of Lake Ontario:

"Fare thee well, most beautiful lake, bright gem amid that brilliant aqueous chain that has its being in the land of Franklin, Nares, Kane—that far north land toward the northern sea. Here's a health, a soulful health to thee. Become not peevish, capricious, frantic, as thou hastenest on to join the broad Atlantic. Flow on; calm and placid, never cease to be, as thou rollest on to join the deep blue sea. Free! Free! Free! Sleep on, thou lucid, limpid water, sleep! Sleep on until the rising sun doth peep from out thy heaving breast, and finds thee peaceful still, and still at rest—But I'm going to bed; who's coming?"

"I am," chorused everyone, and we entered the house.

Saved by Lightning.

The effect of the electrical phenomenon on the nerves of finely strung individuals is not unlike that communicated by a sudden and severe fright when the controlling power of the brain seems entirely cut off from action. In persons of stronger nerves the effect is not so great, unless at some former period the nervous system has been severely shocked, and even stunned, by the force of an electric current. No person has had more frequent demonstration of this fact than myself.

I am strong and robust by nature and would scorn the idea of being nervous. I have several times been placed in peculiarly dangerous positions, where considerable nerve and pluck were required for the right performance of my duty, and on all such occasions I have acquitted myself to the satisfaction of all my friends. But brave and stout as I am in the face of most dangers, I am weak and helpless in a heavy thunder storm.

Since a certain memorable night in 1883 I have been absurdly susceptible to the influence of electricity in any form, and it is an easy matter for me to predict a rising storm long before it has come up by the condition of the atmosphere and the effect it has upon my nerves.

I was telegraph operator at a small way station on a northern railway. My duties consisted of signaling the trains that passed by my door, selling tickets and acting as telegraph operator.

These combined duties kept me busy, and as there was scarcely a house within two miles of the station the quietness of the place would have been unbearable had I been at leisure to notice it. But when my work was finished, late in the afternoon, I always found a short time to devote to reading before the evening express came in, and this was soon looked forward to with genuine delight by me as a relief from my other duties.

The express was not always up to time, and I frequently found myself waiting until eight o'clock before she arrived, reading, walking, and otherwise passing the time as pleasantly as possible.

I was engaged in the former occupation rather earlier than usual one warm, sultry afternoon in August.

The weather had been so excessively hot that I had been compelled to lay aside all superfluous garments and to do my work in my shirt sleeves. It was just such a day as always closes with a heavy thunder storm.

About five o'clock the atmosphere began to change. A few clouds appeared upon the western horizon, and the sound of distant thunder could be faintly heard.

A gentle breeze swayed the pines and rustled the green leaves of the tall oaks. I thought at the time that it had a mournful, ominous sound, and as the distant cry of a loon fell upon my ear an unaccountable shiver ran through me.

I laughed at my own fears and arose from my seat to dispel all gloomy forebodings, and began to look up things around the freight-house before the storm was upon me. When this was finished I returned to my seat and watched the clouds scud across the now dark heavens.

In a little while the rain began to descend in torrents, pattering upon the roof of the station house like leaden bullets. The thunder pealed out with heavy reverberation, and the lightning was fairly blinding.

I closed up my instrument in the office and did not approach it again until the storm had passed. To have tampered with it in such a tempest would have been folly. The lightning, as it was, played with the wire and the keys in an unpleasant manner, and made me move farther away from it.

For half an hour the storm continued with unabated fury, and all along the track little rivers of rain water were surging and rushing. The afternoon had grown suddenly dark and it was impossible to discern an object twenty yards off.

The usual time for the arrival of the evening express had passed, and still no indication of her coming had been received. This did not seem strange to me, as there was some danger of the track being washed out at different crossings, and it was probable that some delay would be caused.

I felt the lonesomeness of my position extremely that night. When I glanced out of the window into the murky darkness and heard the fitful rush of the wind through the pines and tremble at the heavy crash of the thunder, I was forced to admit that I did not enjoy the situation.

Twice I went out on the platform to see if I could hear anything of the coming train, but on each occasion I was met with such a blast of wind and rain that I was only too glad to seek the shelter of the house again.

When the small office clock struck nine I could stand it no longer, but donning my cloth cap and coat I opened the door to sally forth again. As I did so the shrill shriek of a woman greeted my astonished ears.

At first I concluded that it was the work of the wind, but a second time the cry rose above the storm, clear and distinct. There was no mistaking the sound. It was the cry of a woman in distress, and came out of the storm not far distant.

I started along the platform with an answering shout and had not gone far before I encountered a woman staggering along the track.

"What's the matter?" I enquired in as loud a voice as I could command.

"For heaven's sake, come quick!" she shrieked wildly. "Come quick! The train has run off the line! All are lost—my husband—my child—dead—dead!"

The horrible situation flashed over my bewildered senses in a moment. Just around the curve was a deep crossing, and the rain must have washed down the embankment in time to wreck the evening express. This woman was the only one saved, and she had managed to crawl up to the station for assistance.

I helped the woman up on to the platform, and told her to hurry into the station house and wait until my return. Then, with lantern in hand, I started on a run toward the scene of the disaster. It was barely a quarter of a mile to the crossing, but it seemed ages to me before I reached it.

All was quiet; not a moan nor shriek of any kind could be heard. The storm still raged around. I looked down the embankment, expecting to see a heap of broken, twisted iron mixed up with the dead and dying passengers.

I then examined the crossing and found the line in good condition. A small slip had been caused by a large current of water, but everything—so far as I could see—was in perfect order.

What could it all mean? And in an agony of fear and dread I stood still and thought. In my excitement I had not asked the woman where the accident had happened, but took it for granted that it was at the crossing.

It might be half a mile farther on, or it might be a mile or more, I reasoned. But, at all events, it would be better to return to the station and get the right place from the woman's own lips. So I turned my face in the direction of the station once more and began running with all my strength.

As I hurried along I glanced occasionally at the line to see if it was in good condition. When I reached the new switch, which was used for siding trains, I suddenly stopped. The switch was turned. I could not believe it possible that I had been so careless as to leave it in such a condition. If the express should come along when it was turned, nothing could save her from being dashed down a steep embankment.

While I was still wondering at the strange condition of things I heard the long, shrill shriek of the belated and, as I supposed, wrecked express. The next moment the headlight of the engine rushed in sight around the curve and made a long path of light along the line.

There was evidently no accident, but there would be one in a few moments if the switch was not turned back.

This could be done in one way only—by reaching the station before the train reached the switch, and turning the heavy lever that connected the two. Could I do it? I started for the station on a dead run.

I do not know how I reached it. I was dimly conscious of running blindly through the darkness, stumbling against the rails, and finally leaping upon the platform, seizing the iron lever desperately in both hands.

I heard the heavy bolts fly into their sockets, and then, before I could key it, the heavy wheels rumbled over the switch. It seemed for a moment that the heavy pressure would jerk the lever out of my hands, but I clung to it tenaciously, and finally the last wheel rumbled over the fatal place.

The evening express did not usually stop at the station, but merely slowed up to see if there were any passengers. But before I could recover from my excitement the long line of black carriages were brought to a standstill and the guard was hurrying toward me.

"Jim," he said, "take this package and lock it up securely in the safe until called for. Be very careful of it, for it is something valuable. I will explain later."

Then, without waiting for a reply, he shoved a small, heavy parcel into my hands, blew his whistle and leaped upon the train.

The next moment the long line of carriages was swiftly flying southward, and I was once more alone.

By this time I felt so thoroughly exhausted by the excitement and strain upon my nerves that I reeled into the station like a drunken man.

I dropped into a chair, completely bewildered. The parcel lay before me, but I took no notice of it, my thoughts being busy with the strange events of the evening.

There were no signs of the woman who had started me off to find the wrecked train. In fact, I felt too tired to search for her. She had sent me on a wild goose chase and came near causing the death of many people, and to my mind she seemed to deserve punishment little short of death.

The storm was still raging without. The thunder shook the station to its foundation, and the wind helped to make it seem like a cradle rocked with invisible hands.

I remained seated in my chair, staring blankly at the wall for probably ten minutes. A thousand thoughts and conjectures flashed through my brain during that time, and then, as I involuntarily turned my head, I started back with a nervous jump. In the doorway stood the woman who had told me about the accident.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "what is the meaning of this?"

She smiled, showing her white teeth.

"The meaning of what?" she asked in the quietest manner possible.

I jumped from my chair.

"Of what?" I shouted. "Of telling me that the express had jumped the track—that your husband and child were dead. That's what, madam."

She laughed softly.

"That was a ruse to get you to leave the station," she replied. "You are such a home body that I couldn't get you to go out in the storm unless I resorted to a trick. But you came near defeating my purpose, after all. You turned that switch back in its proper place just in the nick of time."

"Yes, and you turned it wrong in the first place, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"You she-fend!" I cried, as I gazed on her in utter abhorrence.

"Don't call me hard names. It makes me think that you don't appreciate my company, and I'm so sensitive!"

"Do you know what would have happened if I had not turned that switch into its proper position?"

Another light laugh.

"Oh, yes, I know," said she.

"I don't think you do."

"You want to draw me out, I see. Man, if you hadn't righted that switch a dozen or more mortals would have been hurled into eternity, and you would be tried for murder. I had no grudge against you and should have preferred to have the train wrecked near the crossing, but as that couldn't be I thought to throw her off near the switch. But you saved her and came near balking my plans. That stupid guard, who imagines himself so clever, arranged everything so nicely that he will be surprised to-morrow when you tell him the whole story."

"Are you crazy?" I asked.

"No, my dear. I never was saner than I am at this moment!"

"Pray what are you driving at, then? I'd like to know."

"I will enlighten you. You see that little parcel on the table which your friend, the guard, let you keep for him?"

I laid my hand on the parcel and gave her a sinister look.

"Well, what of it?" I asked.

"It contains a sum of money anywhere between \$5,000 and \$10,000."

"Indeed," I said contemptuously.

"Yes. It was sent to Edinburgh to day, and as two or three of us got wind of the affair we concluded to stop it. By some strange mistake on our part the guard heard of our little plan at the other end of the road, and so to balk us he left it here with you. At the same time I concluded to play a double game and get the whole treasure for myself. For that purpose I called you out and turned the switch in order to wreck the train and so get hold of the money. You interfered and saved the train, but not the parcel. It is now in your hands, and I will ask you to hand it over without demur."

She made one step toward the desk, but I leaped toward it and grasped the parcel in both hands.

"Never!" I shouted. "This goes into the safe, and I warn you to get out before I pitch you out."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" she laughed derisively; "what pluck! I didn't think you would make such a fight over mere money. But this will bring you to your senses."

Throwing back the cloak which enveloped her small form, she stood before me a wiry-looking man, with piercing dark eyes. In the right hand the jeweled pistol glistened in the lamplight, and the hand that held it was as cool and steady as possible. I glanced into the small barrel of the pretty plaything and shuddered.

"You needn't be frightened," continued my strange visitor in the same easy tones. "I don't care to commit murder if I can help it, but don't drive me to desperation."

At this I recovered my self-possession and began to think of a way to get near enough to grapple with this desperate villain. In such an encounter I knew I could easily handle him. A sudden heavy blast of wind, followed by a blinding flash of lightning, fairly stunned us for a moment.

"That was a terrible flash," I said, noticing that my companion slightly paled. "You are not afraid of thunder, are you?"

He recovered himself in a moment.

"Afraid! No, you idiot!" he replied. "But give me that money or I'll send a bullet through your head."

"One moment!" I cried.

"Not a—"

The sentence was never finished. There was a peal of thunder that seemed to rend the heavens in twain, and a brilliant streak of fire flashed between us. I felt the building tremble, heard a confused murmur of strange noises—and then a blank.

When I awoke to consciousness daylight was just breaking in the east. The sky was clear as on a summer morning, and the fields and woods were vocal with the songs of birds. But in my office everything was changed. At my feet lay the stranger of the previous night, with a little dark spot near his left temple. The heavy timbers of the station were burned and cracked, and my papers were scattered all about. The work of the thunderbolt had been effective, but on the table lay the money untouched.

When the guard came I handed him the property. The stranger was identified as a notorious thief, and I was duly rewarded by the company for my work in saving the money. But since that terrible shock a thunderstorm has been to me the most undesirable thing on the face of the earth.—*True Flag.*

Tourist Agent Charles E. Burns of 77 Yonge street reports the following passengers booked for Europe: Mr. R. K. Cathcart, Miss Cathcart, Mr. E. J. Robinson, Mrs. Brooks and son, Mr. Richard Luck, and Messrs. W. S. McMahon and W. J. Hewitt for St. Augustine, Florida.

The Engagement Ring

calls for considerable thought in its purchase. It's something a man doesn't buy every day and isn't used to.

It stands as the seal of a pledge for all time—unless of course the fair recipient should see fit to return it. If you would like to see something really beautiful in the line of such rings—something that for all time you can look at with pleasure—a thing of beauty is a joy forever, you know—we would invite you to inspect our stock of diamonds, pearls, rubies, opals, emeralds, sapphires, turquoise, &c. Set singly and in combination.

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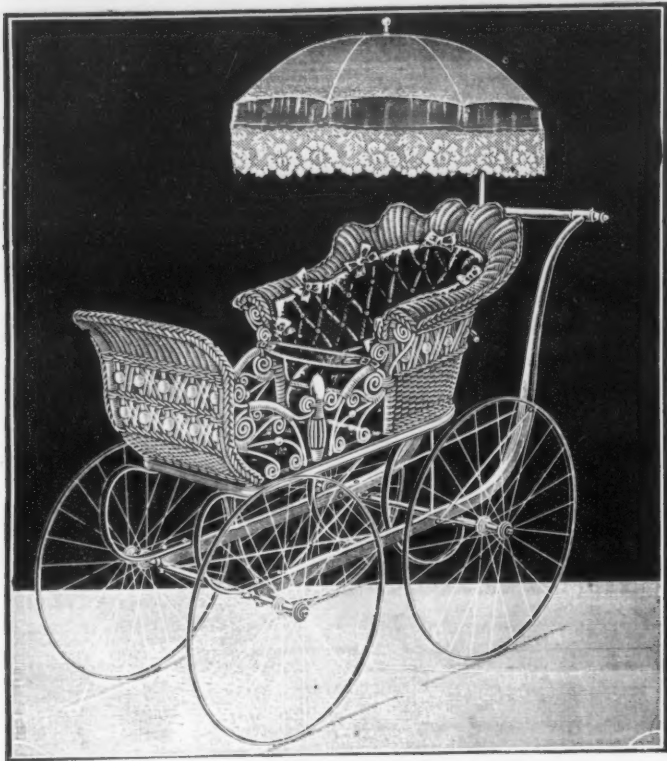
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RETIRED FROM BUSINESS

Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Four.

of Mrs. Strickland. They came up to attend the wedding of their son, Mr. D'Eyrecourt Strickland.

Mr. W. E. Davis, the very popular electrical engineer of the Toronto Railway, has recovered from his long illness of typhoid fever and has gone to his home, Fall River, Mass., to recuperate.

Mr. W. R. Kirkpatrick of the Bank of Toronto, Cobourg, is in town for the Easter holidays.

Miss McClure of Spadina avenue has returned from Boston and Quebec.

Mr. S. C. Paterson gave a dinner at the Albany Club on Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Jack King and Miss Helen King are registered at the Murray Hill of New York for Easter week.

Miss Maud Harris of Jarvis street left on Saturday for a trip to Boston.

Dr. Andrew Smith entertained a large number of friends at dinner recently.

Mr. Alex. W. Strickland is visiting his brother at 114 McCaul street.

Mr. Rowland F. Webb has been visiting in London.

Mrs. E. Walker was at home to her friends on Wednesday week, at her residence, 12 Nassau street.

Three beautiful memorial windows were unveiled in St. Stephen's church last Sunday. The center window is in memory of the late John Worthington, the right hand window in memory of the late Mrs. Walker and the left hand window in memory of the late Miss Fannie L. Kennedy. All three bear handsome testimony to the artistic excellence of the designer, Mr. N. T. Lyon, church street.

The Lost Cord.



—Judge.

Out of Sight.

Flakaway Jones—Does yo' want ter be inter-juced to dat stylish lookin' zyrl ober dar? Thomas Jefferson—No, sah. Do you s'pose I car's to meet a lady dat don't war glub's? Flakaway Jones—She got on glub's, Brudder Jefferson, but she is in mournin', an' dey doan' show.

Sure of His Game.

Durstan—Getting anything? Shore Habitue—No. Durstan—Perhaps you're not using the right kind of bait. Shore Habitue—You bet I am. Brother Bill fell off'n this rock a spell ago an' I've tied th' apple-jack on my hook. If he's within forty rod he'll reach fer it.

Didn't Specify the Kind.

"You told me you were an orphan," said Harley, "and now that we are married I find you have a mother." "I was a grass-orphan," said Mrs. H., "when I told you that."

EASTER :. : NOVELTIES

Some very pretty Bohemian Flower Tubes, Lemonade Sets, etc., etc., in the new colors.

New Shapes in WHITE CHINA for decorating.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ELLIS—April 4, Mrs. F. Ellis—a daughter (stillborn). IRWIN—March 25, Mrs. T. W. Irwin—a daughter. McLAREN—March 22, Mrs. H. McLaren—a son. TRENN—March 25, Mrs. F. Trewn—a daughter. HAZELBURST—March 31, Mrs. E. B. Hazelhurst—a son. COATES—March 20, Mrs. A. E. Coates—a daughter. McBEAN—March 25, Mrs. John McBean—a daughter.

Marriages.

SPRAGGE—BARNHART—At the Church of the Holy Trinity, Toronto, John Geo. Spragge, of Priest & Spragge, Owen Sound, to Mary E., eldest daughter of the late E. J. Barnhardt, Toronto. SHAW—BARBER—On 20th ult., by Rev. Dr. Thomas Winnie Barber to James Patterson Shaw, both of Toronto. BOOTH—WATKINS—April 3, Harry M. Booth to Katie Watkins. FARNALL—MANSON—March 21, W. H. Farnall to Christina Manson. MEDD—McKEAN—March 21, James Medd to Jane McKean. MAJOR—TURNER—March 29, J. A. Major to Elizabeth Turner. PARKES—ROGERS—March 28, G. H. Parkes to Lily Rogers. HALL—DANCY—April 4, W. H. Hall to Charlotte J. Dancy. PARKER—BYRNE—April 5, Charles W. Parker to Agnes Byrne. STICKLAND—BRIGHT—April 5, Percy D'Eyrecourt Stickland to Mabel Georgina Bright. GOLLOP—KIDD—April 5, E. J. Gollop to Hanna M. Kidd. GRANT—CODY—April 5, Rev. James Harris to Hannah L. Cody.

Deaths.

ORDE—April 1, Margaret Orde, aged 77. ACKROW—April 4, Mrs. Ackrow, aged 70. LATON—April 4, Sarah Laton, aged 68. EVANS—April 4, John Evans, aged 68. REKARDT—April 5, Charlotte Rehardt. FARNCOMBE—April 4, Frederick Farncombe, aged 67. JONES—April 2, Frederick Jones, aged 71. PARTRIDGE—April 5, Mary Jane Partridge. SMITH—April 3, Jacob Smith, aged 76. WILSON—April 4, Rev. Andrew Wilson, aged 69. HARRIS—March 28, W. C. Harris. STORM—March 28, Anne C. Storm, aged 58. FURNIVAL—March 25, Sarah A. Furnival, aged 27. ARNOLD—March 30, Sarah Arnold, aged 54. LAIDLAW—March 29, Maggie McCall Laidlaw. MACKENZIE—March 30, Jane Mackenzie, aged 68. THOMSON—March 30, David A. Thomson, aged 59. HUNTER—March 30, Eliza Hunter, aged 84.

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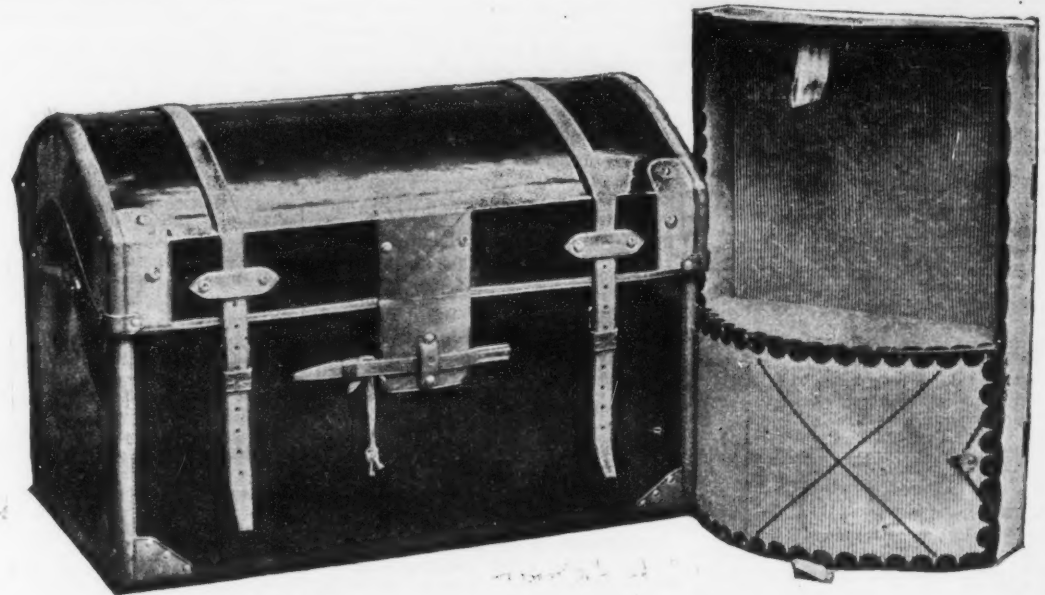
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As far as internal medicinal treatment is concerned, the doctors grope just as much around in the dark now as they did a hundred years ago. Their diagnosis is just as often wrong as right in most cases of disease. If one prescription does not fill the bill, they vary it by experimenting with another upon the bodies of their victims.

This structure does not apply to all of them; for, to their honor be it said, many acknowledged the truths enunciated herein, and are willing to still learn how, and in what way, to cure their patients quickest; and to them it makes no difference what the remedy is, quack nostrum or what not, so long as it cures. Such physicians are Philanthropists and Samaritans. The others are "Grabbers" principally for their patients' "Dollars," regardless of the outcome of their treatment. They send in their bill just the same, "Kill or Cure."

Let those who wish to be cured without doctors try M. K., and those doctors who find their patients beyond the skill of their own prescriptions should also try M. K. Common Sense and Natural Laws govern the actions of M. K. It is simply a discovery of Nature's method to heal the sick.

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